Oroonoko:

A

TRAGEDY

As it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal,

By His Majesty's Servants.

Written by *THO. SOUTHERNE.*

----*Quo fata trahunt, virtus secura sequetur.* Lucan.

Virtus recludens immeritis mori
Cœlum, negatâ tentat iter viâ.
Hor. Od. 2. lib. 3.

LONDON:
Printed for *H. Playford* in the *Temple-Change*. *B. Tooke* at the *Middle-Temple-Gate*. And *S. Buckley* at the *Dolphin* against St. *Dunstan's* Church in *Fleetstreet*.
M DC XC VI.

To His GRACE

WILLIAM

Duke of Devonſhire, &c.

Lord Steward of His Majeſty's Houſhold, Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the Garter, and One of His Majeſty's Moſt Honourable Privy Council.

MY LORD,

THE Beſt part of the Fortune of my laſt Play (*The Innocent Adultery*) was, that it gave me an Opportunity of making my ſelf known to Your Grace. You were pleaſed to countenance the Advances which I had been a great while directing and aiming at You, and have ſince encourag'd me into an Induſtry, which, I hope, will allow me in this Play to own (which is the only way I can) the great Obligations I have to You.

I ſtand engag'd to Mrs. *Behn* for the Occaſion of a moſt Paſſionate Diſtreſs in my Laſt Play; and in a Conſcience that I had not made her a ſufficient Acknowledgment, I have run further into her Debt for *Oroonoko*, with a Deſign to oblige me to be honeſt; and that every one may find me out for Ingratitude, when I don't ſay all that's fit for me upon that Subject. She had a great Command of the Stage; and I have often wonder'd that ſhe would bury her Favourite Hero in a *Novel*, when ſhe might have reviv'd him in the *Scene*. She thought either that no Actor could repreſent him; or ſhe could not bear him repreſented: And I believe the laſt, when I remember what I have heard from a Friend of hers, That ſhe always told his Story, more feelingly, than ſhe writ it. Whatever happen'd to him at *Surinam*, he has mended his Condition in *England*. He was born here under Your Grace's Influence; and that has carried his Fortune farther into the World, than all the Poetical Stars that I could have ſollicited for his Succeſs. It was Your Opinion, *My Lord*, that directed me to Mr. *Verbruggen*; and it was his Care to maintain Your Opinion, that directed the Town to me, the Better Part of it, the People of Quality; whoſe Favours as I am proud of, I ſhall always be induſtrious to preſerve.

My Lord, I know the Reſpect and Reverence which in this Addreſs I ought to appear in before You, who are ſo intimate with the Ancients, ſo general

neral a Knower of the ſeveral Species of Poetry, and ſo Juſt a Judge in the Trials of this kind. You have an Abſolute Power to Arraign and Convict, but a prevailing Inclination to Pardon and Save; and from the Humanity of Your Temper, and the true Knowledge of the Difficulties of ſucceeding this way, never aggravate or inſiſt upon Faults

——*Quas aut incuria fudit,*
Aut humana parùm cavit Natura.——
Hor. Art. Poet.

to our Condemnation, where they are Venial, and not againſt the Principles of the Art we pretend to. *Horace*, who found it ſo, ſays,

——*Gratia Regum*
Pieriis tentata modis.

The Favour of Great Men is the Poets Inheritance, and all Ages have allow'd 'em to put in their Claim; I only wiſh that I had Merit enough to prefer me to Your Grace: That I might deſerve in ſome meaſure that Patronage which You are pleaſed to beſtow on me: That I were a *Horace* for ſuch a *Mecœnas*: That I could deſcribe what I admire; and tell the World what I really think, That as You poſſeſs thoſe Infinite Advantages of Nature and Fortune in ſo Eminent a degree; that as You ſo far excel in the Perfections of Body and Mind, You were deſign'd and faſhion'd a Prince, to be the Honour of the Nation, and the Grace and Ornament of the Court. *Sir*,

in

In the Fulneſs of Happineſs and Bleſſings which You enjoy, I can only bring in my Wiſhes for the Continuance of 'em; they ſhall conſtantly be devoted to you, with all the Services of,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's moſt Obliged, moſt Thankful, and moſt Humble Servant,

THO. SOUTHERNE.

PROLOGUE to *Oroonoko.*

Sent by an Unknown Hand. And Spoken by Mr. *Powell.*

AS when in Hoſtile Times two Neighbouring States
Strive by themſelves, and their Confederates;
The War at firſt is made with awkard Skill,
And Soldiers clumſily each other kill:
Till time at length their untaught Fury tames,
And into Rules their heedleſs Rage reclaims:
Then every Science by degrees is made
Subſervient to the Man-deſtroying Trade:
Wit, Wiſdom, Reading, Obſervation, Art;
A well-turn'd Head to guide a Generous Heart.
So it may prove with our Contending Stages,
If you will kindly but ſupply their Wages:
Which you with eaſe may furniſh, by retrenching
Your Superfluities of Wine and Wenching.
Who'd grudge to ſpare from Riot and hard Drinking,
To lay it out on means to mend his thinking?
To follow ſuch Advice you ſhou'd have leiſure,
Since what refines your Senſe, refines your Pleaſure:
Women grown tame by Uſe each Fool can get,
But Cuckolds all are made by Men of Wit.
To Virgin Favours Fools have no pretence:
For Maidenheads were made for Men of Senſe.
'Tis not enough to have a Horſe well bred,
To ſhew his Mettle, he muſt be well fed:
Nor is it all in Provender and Breed,
He muſt be try'd and ſtrain'd, to mend his ſpeed:
A Favour'd Poet, like a Pamper'd Horſe,
Will ſtrain his Eye-balls out to win the Courſe.
Do you but in your Wiſdoms vote it fit
To yield due Succors to this War of Wit,
The Buskin with more grace ſhall tread the Stage,
Love ſigh in ſofter Strains, Heroes leſs Rage:
Satyr ſhall ſhow a Triple Row of Teeth,
And Comedy ſhall laugh your Fops to death:

Wit

Wit shall refine, and Pegasus *shall foam,*
And soar in search of Ancient Greece *and* Rome.
And since the Nation's in the Conquering Fit,
As you by Arms, we'll vanquish France *in Wit:*
The Work were over, cou'd our Poets write
With half the Spirit that our Soldiers fight.

Persons Represented.

MEN.

	BY
Oroonoko,	*Mr. Verbruggen.*
Aboan,	*Mr. Powell.*
Lieutenant-Governor of *Surinam*,	*Mr. Williams.*
Blanford,	*Mr. Harland.*
Stanmore,	*Mr. Horden.*
Jack Stanmore,	*Mr. Mills.*
Capt. Driver,	*Mr. Ben. Johnson.*
Daniel, *Son to Widow* Lackitt,	*Mr. Mich. Lee.*
Hottman,	*Mr. Sympson.*

Planters, Indians, Negroes, Men, Women, and Children.

WOMEN.

	BY
Imoinda,	*Mrs. Rogers.*
Widow Lackitt,	*Mrs. Knight.*
Charlot Welldon, *in Man's Cloaths*,	*Mrs. Verbruggen.*
Lucy Welldon, *her Sister*,	*Mrs. Lucas.*

The SCENE *Surinam*, a Colony in the *West-Indies*; at the Time of the Action of this Tragedy, in the Possession of the *English*.

OROONOKO.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Welldon *following* Lucia.

Luc. WHAT will this come to? What can it end in? You have perſuaded me to leave dear *England*, and dearer *London*, the place of the World moſt worth living in, to follow you a Husband-hunting into *America:* I thought Husbands grew in theſe Plantations.

Well. Why ſo they do, as thick as Oranges, ripening one under another. Week after week they drop into ſome Woman's mouth: 'Tis but a little patience, ſpreading your Apron in expectation, and one of 'em will fall into your Lap at laſt.

Luc. Ay, ſo you ſay indeed.

Well. But you have left dear *London*, you ſay: Pray what have you left in *London* that was very dear to you, that had not left you before?

Luc. Speak for your ſelf, Siſter.

Well. Nay, I'll keep you in countenance. The Young Fellows, you know, the deareſt part of the Town, and without whom *London* had been a Wilderneſs to you and me, had forſaken us a great while.

Luc. Forſaken us! I don't know that they ever had us.

Well. Forſaken us the worſt way, Child; that is, did not think us worth having; they neglected us, no longer deſign'd upon us, they were tir'd of us. Women in *London* are like

the Rich Silks, they are out of fashion a great while before they wear out.——

Luc. The Devil take the Fashion, I say.

Well. You may tumble 'em over and over at their first coming up, and never disparage their Price; but they fall upon wearing immediately, lower and lower in their value, till they come to the Broker at last.

Luc. Ay, ay, that's the Merchant they deal with. The Men would have us at their own scandalous Rates: Their Plenty makes 'em wanton; and in a little time, I suppose, they won't know what they would have of the Women themselves.

Well. O, yes, they know what they wou'd have. They wou'd have a Woman give the Town a Pattern of her Person and Beauty, and not stay in it so long to have the whole Piece worn out. They wou'd have the Good Face only discover'd, and not the Folly that commonly goes along with it. They say there is a vast Stock of Beauty in the Nation, but a great part of it lies in unprofitable hands; therefore for the good of the Publick, they wou'd have a Draught made once a Quarter, and the decaying Beauties for Breeders into the Countrey, to make room for New Faces to appear, to countenance the Pleasures of the Town.

Luc. 'Tis very hard, the Men must be young as long as they live, and poor Women be thought decaying and unfit for the Town at One or Two and twenty. I'm sure we were not Seven Years in *London*.

Well. Not half the time taken notice of, Sister. The Two or Three last Years we could make nothing of it, even in a Vizard-Masque; not in a Vizard-Masque, that has cheated many a man into an old acquaintance. Our Faces began to be as familiar to the Men of Intrigue, as their Duns, and as much avoided. We durst not appear in Publick Places, and were almost grudg'd a Gallery in the Churches: Even there they had their Jests upon us, and cry'd, She's in the right on't, good Gentlewoman, since no man considers her Body, she does very well indeed to take care of her Soul.

Luc.

Luc. Such unmannerly fellows there will always be.

Well. Then, you may remember, we were reduc'd to the laſt neceſſity, the neceſſity of making ſilly Viſits to our civil Acquaintance, to bring us into tolerable Company. Nay, the young Inns-of-Court Beaus, of but one Term's ſtanding in the Faſhion, who knew no body, but as they were ſhewn 'em by the Orange-Women, had Nicknames for us: How often have they laugh'd out, There goes my Landlady; Is not ſhe come to let Lodgings yet?

Luc. Young Coxcombs that knew no better.

Well. And that we muſt have come to. For your part, what Trade cou'd you ſet up in? You wou'd never arrive at the Truſt and Credit of a Guinea-Bawd: You wou'd have too much Buſineſs of your own, ever to mind other Peoples.

Luc. That is true indeed.

Well. Then, as a certain ſign that there was nothing more to be hop'd for, the Maids at the Chocolate-Houſes found us out, and laugh'd at us: Our *Billet-doux* lay there neglected for Waſte-Paper: We were cry'd down ſo low we cou'd not paſs upon the City; and became ſo notorious in our galloping way, from one end of the Town to t'other, that at laſt we cou'd hardly compaſs a competent change of Petticoats to diſguize us to the Hackney-Coachmen: And then it was near walking a-foot indeed.

Luc. Nay, that I began to be afraid of.

Well. To prevent which, with what Youth and Beauty was left, ſome Experience, and the ſmall Remainder of Fifteen hundred Pounds apiece, which amounted to bare Two hundred between us both, I perſuaded you to bring your Perſon for a Venture to the *Indies*. Every thing has ſucceeded in our Voyage: I paſs for your Brother: One of the Richeſt Planters here happening to dye juſt as we landed, I have claim'd Kindred with him: So, without making his Will, he has left us the Credit of his Relation to trade upon: We paſs for his Couſins, coming here to *Surinam* chiefly upon his Invitation: We live in Reputation; have the beſt Acquain-

tance of the place; and we ſhall ſee our account in't, I warrant you.

Luc. I muſt rely upon you ——

Enter Widow Lackitt.

Wid. Mr *Welldon*, your Servant. Your Servant, Mrs. *Lucy*. I am an Ill Viſitor, but 'tis not too late, I hope, to bid you welcome to this ſide of the world. [*Salutes* Lucy.

Well. Gad ſo, I beg your Pardon, Widow, I ſhou'd have done the Civilities of my Houſe before: but, as you ſay, 'tis not too late, I hope. —— [*Going to kiſs her.*

Wid. What! You think now this was a civil way of begging a Kiſs; and by my Troth, if it were, I ſee no harm in't; 'tis a pitiful Favour indeed that is not worth asking for: Tho I have known a Woman ſpeak plainer before now, and not underſtood neither.

Well. Not under my Roof. Have at you, Widow. ——

Wid. Why, that's well ſaid, ſpoke like a Younger Brother, that deſerves to have a Widow. —— [*He kiſſes her.* You're a Younger Brother, I know, by your kiſſing.

Well. How ſo, pray?

Wid. Why, you kiſs as if you expected to be paid for't. You have Birdlime upon your Lips. You ſtick ſo cloſe, there's no getting rid of you.

Well. I am a-kin to a Younger Brother.

Wid. So much the better: We Widows are commonly the better for Younger Brothers.

Luc. Better, or worſe, moſt of you. But you won't be much better for him, I can tell you. —— [*aſide.*

Well. I was a Younger Brother; but an Uncle of my Mother's has maliciouſly left me an Eſtate, and, I'm afraid, ſpoil'd my Fortune.

Wid. No, no; an Eſtate will never ſpoil your Fortune. I have a good Eſtate my ſelf, thank Heaven, and a kind Huſband that left it behind him.

Well. Thank Heaven, that took him away from it, Widow, and left you behind him.

Wid.

Wid. Nay, Heav'ns Will muſt be done; he's in a better place.

Well. A better place for you, no doubt on't: Now you may look about you; chuſe for your ſelf, Mrs. *Lackitt*, that's your buſineſs; for I know you deſign to marry again.

Wid. O dear! Not I, I proteſt and ſwear; I don't deſign it: But I won't ſwear neither; one does not know what may happen to tempt one.

Well. Why, a luſty young Fellow may happen to tempt you.

Wid. Nay, I'll do nothing raſhly: I'll reſolve againſt nothing. The Devil, they ſay, is very buſy upon theſe occaſions; eſpecially with the Widows. But if I am to be tempted, it muſt be with a Young Man, I promiſe you —Mrs. *Lucy*, Your Brother is a very pleaſant Gentleman: I came about Buſineſs to him, but he turns every thing into Merriment.

Well. Buſineſs, Mrs. *Lackitt*. Then, I know, you wou'd have me to your ſelf. Pray leave us together, Siſter. [*Exit* Luc. What am I drawing upon my ſelf here? [*aſide.*

Wid. You have taken a very pretty Houſe here; every thing ſo neat about you already. I hear you are laying out for a Plantation.

Well. Why, yes truly, I like the Countrey, and wou'd buy a Plantation, if I cou'd, reaſonably.

Wid. O! by all means, reaſonably.

Well. If I cou'd have one to my mind, I wou'd think of ſettling among you.

Wid. O! you can't do better. Indeed we can't pretend to have ſo good company for you, as you had in *England*; but we ſhall make very much of you. For my own part, I aſſure you, I ſhall think my ſelf very happy to be more particularly known to you.

Well. Dear Mrs. *Lackitt*, you do me too much Honour.

Wid. Then as to a Plantation, Mr. *Welldon*, you know I have ſeveral to diſpoſe of. Mr. *Lackitt*, I thank him, has left me, though I ſay it, the Richeſt Widow upon the place; therefore I may afford to uſe you better than other people

people can. You ſhall have one upon any reaſonable terms.

Well. That's a fair Offer indeed.

Wid. You ſhall find me as eaſy as any body you can have to do with, I aſſure you. Pray try me, I wou'd have you try me, Mr. *Welldon.* Well, I like that Name of yours exceedingly, Mr. *Welldon.*

Well. My Name!

Wid. O exceedingly! If any thing cou'd perſuade me to alter my own Name, I verily believe nothing in the world wou'd do it ſo ſoon, as to be call'd Mrs. *Welldon.*

Well. Why, indeed *Welldon* does ſound ſomething better than *Lackitt.*

Wid. O! a great deal better. Not that there is ſo much in a Name neither. But I don't know, there is ſomething: I ſhou'd like mightily to be call'd Mrs. *Welldon.*

Well. I'm glad you like my Name.

Wid. Of all things. But then there's the misfortune; one can't change ones Name, without changing ones Condition.

Well. You'l hardly think it worth that, I believe.

Wid. Think it worth what, Sir? Changing my Condition? Indeed, Sir, I think it worth every thing. But, alas! Mr. *Welldon,* I have been a Widow but Six Months; 'tis too ſoon to think of changing ones Condition yet; indeed it is: Pray don't deſire it of me: Not but that you may perſuade me to any thing, ſooner than any Perſon in the world.——

Well. Who, I, Mrs. *Lackitt?*

Wid. Indeed you may, Mr. *Welldon,* ſooner than any man living. Lord, there's a great deal in ſaving a Decency: I never minded it before: Well, I'm glad you ſpoke firſt to excuſe my Modeſty. But what, Modeſty means nothing, and is the Virtue of a Girl, that does not know what ſhe would be at: A Widow ſhould be wiſer. Now I will own to you; but I won't confeſs neither; I have had a great Reſpect for you a great while: I beg your Pardon, Sir, and I muſt declare to you, indeed I muſt, if you deſire to diſpoſe of all I have in the world, in an Honourable Way, which

I don't

I don't pretend to be any way deſerving your conſideration, my Fortune and Perſon, if you won't underſtand me without telling you ſo, are both at your ſervice. Gad ſo! another time ——

Stanmore *enters to 'em.*

Stan. So, Mrs. *Lackitt*, your Widowhood is waneing apace. I ſee which way 'tis going. *Welldon*, you're a happy man. The Women and their Favours come home to you.

Wid. A fiddle of favour, Mr. *Stanmore*: I am a lone Woman, you know it, left in a great deal of Buſineſs; and Buſineſs muſt be followed or loſt. I have ſeveral Stocks and Plantations upon my hands, and other things to diſpoſe of, which Mr. *Welldon* may have occaſion for.

Well. We were juſt upon the brink of a Bargain, as you came in.

Stan. Let me drive it on for you.

Well. So you muſt, I believe, you or ſomebody for me.

Stan. I'll ſtand by you: I underſtand more of this buſineſs, than you can pretend to.

Well. I don't pretend to't; 'tis quite out of my way indeed.

Stan If the Widow gets you to her ſelf, ſhe will certainly be too hard for you: I know her of old: She has no Conſcience in a Corner; a very *Jew* in a bargain, and would circumciſe you to get more of you.

Well. Is this true, Widow?

Wid. Speak as you find, Mr. *Welldon*: I have offer'd you very fair: Think upon't, and let me hear of you: The ſooner the better, Mr. *Welldon*. —— [*Exit.*

Stan. I aſſure you, my Friend, ſhe'll cheat you if ſhe can.

Well. I don't know that; but I can cheat her, if I will.

Stan. Cheat her? How?

Well. I can marry her; and then I'm ſure I have it in my power to chear her.

Stan. Can you marry her?

Well.

Well. Yes, faith, ſo ſhe ſays: Her pretty Perſon and Fortune (which, one with the other, you know, are not contemptible) are both at my ſervice.

Stan. Contemptible! very conſiderable, I'gad; very deſirable: Why, ſhe's worth Ten thouſand Pounds, man; a clear Eſtate: No charge upon't, but a boobily Son: He indeed was to have half; but his Father begot him, and ſhe breeds him up, not to know or have more than ſhe has a mind to: And ſhe has a mind to ſomething elſe, it ſeems.

Well. There's a great deal to be made of this. — [*muſing.*

Stan. A handſome Fortune may be made on't; and I adviſe you to't, by all means.

Well. To marry her! an old, wanton Witch! I hate her.

Stan. No matter for that: Let her go to the Devil for you. She'll cheat her Son of a good Eſtate for you: That's a Perquiſite of a Widow's Portion always.

Well. I have a deſign, and will follow her at leaſt, till I have a Pen'worth of the Plantation.

Stan. I ſpeak as a friend, when I adviſe you to marry her. For 'tis directly againſt the Intereſt of my own Family. My Couſin *Jack* has belabour'd her a good while that way.

Well. What! Honeſt *Jack*! I'll not hinder him. I'll give over the thoughts of her.

Stan. He'll make nothing on't; ſhe does not care for him. I'm glad you have her in your power.

Well. I may be able to ſerve him.

Stan. Here's a Ship come into the River; I was in hopes it had been from *England.*

Well. From *England!*

Stan. No, I was diſappointed; I long to ſee this handſome Couſin of yours: The Picture you gave me of her has charm'd me.

Well. You'll ſee whether it has flatter'd her or no, in a little time. If ſhe recover'd of that Illneſs that was the reaſon of her ſtaying behind us, I know ſhe will come with the firſt opportunity. We ſhall ſee her, or hear of her death.

Stan. We'll hope the beſt. The Ships from *England* are expected every day.

Well.

Well. What Ship is this?

Stan. A Rover, a Buccaneer, a Trader in Slaves: That's the Commodity we deal in, you know. If you have a curiosity to see our manner of marketting, I'll wait upon you.

Well. We'll take my Sister with us.—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *An Open Place.*

Enter Lieutenant-Governor *and* Blandford.

Gov. THere's no resisting your Fortune, *Blandford*; you draw all the Prizes.

Blan. I draw for our Lord Governor, you know; his Fortune favours me.

Gov. I grudge him nothing this time; but if Fortune had favour'd me in the last Sale, the Fair Slave had been mine; *Clemene* had been mine.

Blan. Are you still in love with her?

Gov. Every day more in love with her.

Enter Capt. Driver, *teaz'd and pull'd about by Widow* Lackitt *and several Planters. Enter at another door* Welldon, Lucia, Stanmore.

Wid. Here have I six Slaves in my Lot, and not a Man among 'em; all Women and Children; what can I do with 'em, Captain? Pray consider, I am a Woman my self, and can't get my own Slaves, as some of my Neighbours do.

1 *Plan.* I have all Men in mine: Pray, Captain, let the Men and Women be mingled together, for Procreation-sake, and the good of the Plantation.

2 *Plan.* Ay, ay, a Man and a Woman, Captain, for the good of the Plantation.

Capt. Let 'em mingle together and be damn'd, what care I? Would you have me pimp for the good of the Plantation?

1 *Plan.* I am a constant Customer, Captain.

Wid. I am always Ready Money to you, Captain.

1 *Plan.* For that matter, Miſtreſs, my Money is as ready as yours.

Wid. Pray hear me, Captain.

Capt. Look you, I have done my part by you; I have brought the number of Slaves you bargain'd for; if your Lots have not pleas'd you, you muſt draw again among your ſelves.

3 *Plan.* I am contented with my Lot.

4 *Plan.* I am very well ſatisfied.

3 *Plan.* We'll have no drawing again.

Capt. Do you hear, Miſtreſs? You may hold your tongue: For my part, I expect my Money.

Wid. Captain, No body queſtions or ſcruples the Payment. But I won't hold my tongue; 'tis too much to pray and pay too: One may ſpeak for ones own, I hope.

Capt. Well, what wou'd you ſay?

Wid. I ſay no more than I can make out.

Capt. Out with it then.

Wid. I ſay, things have not been ſo fair carry'd as they might have been. How do I know how you have juggled together in my abſence? You drew the Lots before I came, I'm ſure.

Capt. That's your own fault, Miſtreſs; you might have come ſooner.

Wid. Then here's a Prince, as they ſay, among the Slaves, and you ſet him down to go as a common Man.

Capt. Have you a mind to try what a Man he is? You'll find him no more than a common Man at your buſineſs.

Wid. Sir, You're a ſcurvy Fellow to talk at this rate to me. If my Husband were alive, Gadsbodykins, you wou'd not uſe me ſo.

Capt. Right, Miſtreſs, I would not uſe you at all.

Wid. Not uſe me! Your Betters every Inch of you, I wou'd have you to know, wou'd be glad to uſe me, Sirrah. Marry come up here, who are you, I trow? You begin to think your ſelf a Captain, forſooth, becauſe we call you ſo. You forget your ſelf as faſt as you can; but I remember you;

you ; I know you for a pitiful paltry Fellow, as you are; an Upſtart to Proſperity ; one that is but juſt come acquainted with Cleanlineſs, and that never ſaw Five Shillings of your own, without deſerving to be hang'd for 'em.

Gov. She has giv'n you a Broadſide, Captain ; You'll ſtand up to her.

Capt. Hang her, Stink-pot, I'll come no near.

Wid. By this good light, it wou'd make a Woman do a thing ſhe never deſign'd ; Marry again, tho ſhe were ſure to repent it, to be reveng'd of ſuch a——

J. Stan. What's the matter, Mrs. *Lackitt?* Can I ſerve you?

Wid. No, no, you can't ſerve me: You are for ſerving your ſelf, I'm ſure. Pray go about your buſineſs, I have none for you : You know I have told you ſo. Lord! how can you be ſo troubleſome? nay, ſo unconſcionable, to think that every Rich Widow muſt throw her ſelf away upon a Young Fellow that has nothing?

Stan. Jack, You are anſwer'd, I ſuppoſe.

J. Stan. I'll have another pluck at her.

Wid. Mr. *Welldon*, I am a little out of order ; but pray bring your Siſter to dine with me. Gad's my life, I'm out of all patience with that pitiful Fellow: My fleſh riſes at him: I can't ſtay in the place where he is.—— [*Exit.*

Blan. Captain, You have us'd the Widow very familiarly.

Capt. This is my way ; I have no deſign, and therefore am not over civil. If ſhe had ever a handſome Daughter to wheedle her out of: Or if I cou'd make any thing of her Booby Son.

Well. I may improve that hint, and make ſomething of him. [*aſide.*

Gov. She's very Rich.

Capt. I'm rich my ſelf. She has nothing that I want: I have no Leaks to ſtop. Old Women are Fortune-Menders. I have made a good Voyage, and wou'd reap the fruits of my labour. We plow the deep, my Maſters, but our Harveſt is on ſhore. I'm for a Young Woman.

Stan. Look about, Captain, there's one ripe, and ready for the Sickle.

Capt. A Woman indeed! I will be acquainced with her: Who is ſhe?

Well. My Siſter, Sir.

Capt. Wou'd I were a-kin to her: If ſhe were my Siſter, ſhe ſhou'd never go out of the Family. What ſay you, Miſtreſs? You expect I ſhould marry you, I ſuppoſe.

Luc. I ſhan't be diſappointed, if you don't. [*turning away.*

Well. She won't break her heart, Sir.

Capt. But I mean———— [*following her.*

Well. And I mean—— [*Going between him and* Lucia. That you muſt not think of her without marrying.

Capt. I mean ſo too.

Well. Why then your meaning's out.

Capt. You're very ſhort.

Well. I will grow, and be taller for you.

Capt. I ſhall grow angry, and ſwear.

Well. You'll catch no fiſh then.

Capt. I don't well know whether he deſigns to affront me, or no.

Stan. No, no, he's a little familiar; 'tis his way.

Cap. Say you ſo? Nay, I can be as familiar as he, if that be it. Well, Sir, look upon me full: What ſay you? How do you like me for a Brother-in-law?

Well. Why yes, faith, you'll do my buſineſs, [*turning him about.*] If we can agree about my Siſter's.

Capt. I don't know whether your Siſter will like me, or not: I can't ſay much to her: But I have Money enough: And if you are her Brother, as you ſeem to be a-kin to her, I know that will recommend me to you.

Well. This is your Market for Slaves; my Siſter is a Free Woman, and muſt not be diſpos'd of in publick. You ſhall be welcome to my Houſe, if you pleaſe: And, upon better acquaintance, if my Siſter likes you, and I like your Offers, —

Capt. Very well, Sir, I'll come and ſee her.

Gov. Where are the Slaves, Captain? They are long a coming.

Blan.

Blan. And who is this Prince that's fallen to my Lot, for the Lord Governor? Let me know ſomething of him, that I may treat him accordingly; who is he?

Capt. He's the Devil of a Fellow, I can tell you; a Prince every Inch of him: You have paid dear enough for him, for all the good he'll do you: I was forc'd to clap him in Irons, and did not think the Ship ſafe neither. You are in hoſtility with the *Indians*, they ſay; they threaten you daily: You had beſt have an eye upon him.

Blan. But who is he?

Gov. And how do you know him to be a Prince?

Capt. He is Son and Heir to the great King of *Angola*, a miſchievous Monarch in thoſe parts, who, by his good will, wou'd never let any of his Neighbours be in quiet. This Son was his General, a plaguy fighting Fellow: I have formerly had dealings with him for Slaves, which he took Priſoners, and have got pretty roundly by him: But the Wars being at an end, and nothing more to be got by the Trade of that Countrey, I made bold to bring the Prince along with me.

Gov. How could you do that?

Blan. What! ſteal a Prince out of his own Countrey? Impoſſible!

Capt. 'Twas hard indeed; but I did it. You muſt know, this *Oroonoko*———

Blan. Is that his Name?

Capt. Ay, *Oroonoko.*

Gov. Oroonoko.

Capt. Is naturally inquiſitive about the Men and Manners of the White Nations. Becauſe I could give him ſome account of the other Parts of the World, I grew very much into his favour: In return of ſo great an Honour, you know I cou'd do no leſs upon my coming away, than invite him on board me: Never having been in a Ship, he appointed his time, and I prepared my Entertainment: He came the next Evening as privately as he cou'd, with about ſome Twenty along with him. The Punch went round; and as many of his Attendants as wou'd be dangerous, I ſent dead drunk

on

on ſhore; the reſt we ſecur'd: And ſo you have the Prince *Oroonoko.*

1 *Plan.* Gad-a-mercy, Captain, there you were with him, I'faith.

2 *Plan.* Such men as you are fit to be employ'd in Publick Affairs: The Plantation will thrive by you.

3 *Plan.* Induſtry ſhou'd be encourag'd.

Capt. There's nothing done without it, Boys. I have made my Fortune this way.

Blan. Unheard-of Villany!

Stan. Barbarous Treachery!

Blan. They applaud him for't.

Gov. But, Captain, methinks you have taken a great deal of pains for this Prince *Oroonoko*; why did you part with him at the common rate of Slaves?

Capt. Why, Lieutenant-Governor, I'll tell you; I did deſign to carry him to *England*, to have ſhow'd him there; but I found him troubleſome upon my hands, and I'm glad I'm rid of him. —— Oh, ho, here they come.

Black Slaves, Men, Women, and Children, paſs acroſs the Stage by two and two; Aboan, *and others of* Oroonoko's *Attendants two and two*; Oroonoko *laſt of all in Chains.*

Luc. Are all theſe Wretches Slaves?

Stan. All ſold, they and their Poſterity all Slaves.

Luc. O miſerable Fortune!

Blan. Moſt of 'em know no better; they were born ſo, and only change their Maſters. But a Prince, born only to Command, betray'd and ſold! My heart drops blood for him.

Capt. Now, Governor, here he comes, pray obſerve him.

Oro. So, Sir, You have kept your Word with me.

Capt. I am a better Chriſtian, I thank you, than to keep it with a Heathen.

Oro. You are a Chriſtian, be a Chriſtian ſtill:
If you have any God that teaches you
To break your Word, I need not curſe you more:

Let

Let him cheat you, as you are falſe to me.
You faithful Followers of my better Fortune!
We have been Fellow-Soldiers in the Field; [*Embracing*
Now we are Fellow-Slaves. This laſt farewell. *his Friends.*
Be ſure of one thing that will comfort us,
Whatever World we next are thrown upon,
Cannot be worſe than this. [*All Slaves go off, but* Oroonoko.

Capt. You ſee what a Bloody Pagan he is, Governor; but I took care that none of his Followers ſhould be in the ſame Lot with him, for fear they ſhou'd undertake ſome deſperate action, to the danger of the Colony.

Oro. Live ſtill in fear; it is the Villains Curſe,
And will revenge my Chains: Fear ev'n me,
Who have no pow'r to hurt thee. Nature abhors,
And drives thee out from the Society
And Commerce of Mankind, for Breach of Faith.
Men live and proſper but in Mutual Truſt,
A Confidence of one another's Truth:
That thou haſt violated. I have done.
I know my Fortune, and ſubmit to it.

Gov. Sir, I am ſorry for your Fortune, and wou'd he'p it, if I cou'd.

Blan. Take off his Chains. You know your condition; but you are fall'n into Honourable Hands: You are the Lord Governor's Slave, who will uſe you nobly: In his abſence it ſhall be my care to ſerve you. [Blanford *applying to him.*

Oro. I hear you, but I can believe no more.

Gov. Captain, I'm afraid the world won't ſpeak ſo honourably of this action of yours, as you wou'd have 'em.

Capt. I have the Money. Let the world ſpeak and be damn'd, I care not.

Oro. I wou'd forget my ſelf. Be ſatisfied, [*to* Blanford.
I am above the rank of common Slaves.
Let that content you. The Chriſtian there, that knows me,
For his own ſake will not diſcover more.

Capt. I have other matters to mind. You have him, and much good may do you with your Prince. [*Exit.*

The

The Planters pulling and ſtaring at Oroonoko.

Blan. What wou'd you have there? You ſtare as if you never ſaw a Man before. Stand further off. [*turns 'em away.*

Oro. Let 'em ſtare on. I am unfortunate, but not aſham'd
Of being ſo: No, let the Guilty bluſh,
The White Man that betray'd me: Honeſt Black
Diſdains to change its Colour. I am ready:
Where muſt I go? Diſpoſe me as you pleaſe.
I am not well acquainted with my Fortune,
But muſt learn to know it better: So I know, you ſay:
Degrees make all things eaſy.

Blan. All things ſhall be eaſy.

Oro. Tear off this Pomp, and let me know my ſelf:
The ſlaviſh Habit beſt becomes me now.
Hard Fare, and Whips, and Chains may overpow'r
The frailer fleſh, and bow my Body down.
But there's another, Nobler Part of Me,
Out of your reach, which you can never tame.

Blan. You ſhall find nothing of this wretchedneſs
You apprehend. We are not Monſters all.
You ſeem unwilling to diſcloſe your ſelf:
Therefore for fear the mentioning your Name
Should give you new diſquiets, I preſume
To call you *Cæſar*.

Oro. I am my ſelf; but call me what you pleaſe.

Stan. A very good Name, *Cæſar*.

Gov. And very fit for his great Character.

Oro. Was *Cæſar* then a Slave?

Gov. I think he was; to Pirates too: He was a great Conqueror, but unfortunate in his Friends. ——

Oro. His Friends were Chriſtians?

Blan. No.

Oro. No! that's ſtrange.

Gov. And murder'd by 'em.

Oro. I wou'd be *Cæſar* there. Yet I will live.

Blan. Live to be happier.

Oro. Do

Oro. Do what you will with me.

Blan. I'll wait upon you, attend, and ſerve you. [*Exit with* Oroonoko.

Luc. Well, if the Captain had brought this Prince's Countrey along with him, and wou'd make me Queen of it, I wou'd not have him, after doing ſo baſe a thing.

Well. He's a man to thrive in the world, Siſter: He'll make you the better Jointure.

Luc. Hang him, nothing can proſper with him.

Stan. Enquire into the great Eſtates, and you will find moſt of 'em depend upon the ſame Title of Honeſty: The men who raiſe 'em firſt are much of the Captain's Principles.

Well. Ay, ay, as you ſay, let him be damn'd for the good of his Family. Come, Siſter, we are invited to dinner.

Gov. Stanmore, You dine with me. *Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT II. Scene I. *Widow* Lackitt's *Houſe.*

Widow Lackitt, Welldon.

Well. THis is ſo great a Favour, I don't know how to receive it.

Wid. O dear Sir! you know how to receive and how to return a Favour, as well as any body, I don't doubt it: 'Tis not the firſt you have had from our Sex, I ſuppoſe.

Well. But this is ſo unexpected.

Wid. Lord, how can you ſay ſo, Mr. *Welldon?* I won't believe you. Don't I know you handſome Gentlemen expect every thing that a Woman can do for you? And by my troth you're in the right on't: I think one can't do too much for a Handſome Gentleman; and ſo you ſhall find it.

Well. I ſhall never have ſuch an Offer again, that's certain: What ſhall I do? I am mightily divided. —— [*pretending a concern.*

Wid. Divided! O dear, I hope not ſo, Sir. If I marry, truly I expect to have you to my ſelf.

Well. There's no danger of that, Mrs. *Lackitt.* I am divided in my thoughts. My Father upon his Death-bed oblig'd me to

ſee my Siſter diſpos'd of, before I married my ſelf. 'Tis that ſticks upon me. They ſay indeed Promiſes are to be broken or kept; and I know 'tis a fooliſh thing to be tied to a Promiſe; but I can't help it: I don't know how to get rid of it.

Wid. Is that all?

Well. All in all to me. The Commands of a dying Father, you know, ought to be obey'd.

Wid. And ſo they may.

Well. Impoſſible, to do me any good.

Wid. They ſhan't be your hindrance. You wou'd have a Husband for your Siſter, you ſay: He muſt be very well to paſs too in the world, I ſuppoſe?

Well. I wou'd not throw her away.

Wid. Then marry her out of hand to the Sea-Captain you were ſpeaking of.

Well. I was thinking of him, but 'tis to no purpoſe: She hates him.

Wid. Does ſhe hate him? Nay, 'tis no matter, an Impudent Raſcal as he is, I wou'd not adviſe her to marry him.

Well. Can you think of no body elſe?

Wid. Let me ſee.

Well. Ay, pray do: I ſhou'd be loth to part with my good fortune in you for ſo ſmall a matter as a Siſter: But you find how it is with me.

Wid. Well remembred, I'faith: Well, if I thought you wou'd like of it, I have a Husband for her: What do you think of my Son?

Well. You don't think of it your ſelf.

Wid. I proteſt but I do: I am in earneſt, if you are. He ſhall marry her within this half hour, if you'll give your conſent to it.

Well. I give my conſent! I'll anſwer for my Siſter, ſhe ſhall have him: You may be ſure I ſhall be glad to get over the difficulty.

Wid. No more to be ſaid then, that difficulty is over. But I vow and ſwear you frightned me, Mr. *Welldon.* If I had not had a Son now for your Siſter, what muſt I have done, do you think? Were not you an ill-natur'd thing to boggle at a Promiſe? I cou'd break twenty for you.

Well. I am the more oblig'd to you: But this Son will ſave all.

Wid.

Wid. He's in the houſe; I'll go and bring him my ſelf. [*going.* You wou'd do well to break the buſineſs to your Siſter: She's within, I'll ſend her to you. —— [*going again, comes back.*

Well. Pray do.

Wid. But d'you hear? Perhaps ſhe may ſtand upon her Maidenly Behaviour, and bluſh, and play the fool, and delay: But don't be anſwer'd ſo: What! ſhe is not a Girl at theſe years: Shew your Authority, and tell her roundly, ſhe muſt be married immediately. I'll manage my Son, I warrant you. —— [*goes out in haſte.*

Well. The Widow's in haſte, I ſee: I thought I had laid a rub in the road, about my Siſter: But ſhe has ſtept over that. She's making way for her ſelf as faſt as ſhe can; but little thinks where ſhe is going: I cou'd tell her ſhe is going to play the fool: But people don't love to hear of their faults: Beſides, that is not my buſineſs at preſent. So, Siſter, I have a Husband for you. —— [*Enter* Lucia.

Luc. With all my heart: I don't know what Confinement Marriage may be to the Men, but I'm ſure the Women have no liberty without it. I am for any thing that will deliver me from the care of a Reputation, which I begin to find impoſſible to preſerve.

Well. I'll eaſe you of that care: You muſt be married immediately.

Luc. The ſooner the better; for I am quite tir'd of ſetting up for a Husband. The Widow's fooliſh Son is the man, I ſuppoſe.

Well. I conſider'd your Conſtitution, Siſter; and finding you wou'd have occaſion for a Fool, I have provided accordingly.

Luc. I don't know what occaſion I may have for a Fool when I'm married: But I find none but Fools have occaſion to marry.

Well. Since he is to be a Fool then, I thought it better for you to have one of his Mother's making than your own; 'twill ſave you the trouble.

Luc. I thank you; you take a great deal of pains for me: But, pray tell me, what are you doing for your ſelf all this while?

Well. You were never true to your own ſecrets, and there-

fore I won't truſt you with mine. Only remember this, I am your elder Siſter, and conſequently laying my Breeches aſide, have as much occaſion for a Husband as you can have. I have a Man in my eye, be ſatisfied.

Enter Widow Lackitt, *with her Son* Daniel.

Wid. Come, *Daniel*, hold up thy head, Child: Look like a Man: You muſt not take it as you have done. Gad's my life! there's nothing to be done with twirling your Hat, Man.

Dan. Why, Mother, what's to be done then?

Wid. Why look me in the face, and mind what I ſay to you.

Dan. Marry, who's the fool then? what ſhall I get by minding what you ſay to me?

Wid. Mrs. *Lucy*, the Boy is baſhful, don't diſcourage him: Pray come a little forward, and let him ſa- [*Going between* lute you. Lucia *and* Daniel.

Luc. A fine Husband I am to have truly. [*to* Welldon.

Wid. Come, *Daniel*, you muſt be acquainted with this Gentlewoman.

Dan. Nay, I'm not proud, that is not my fault: I am preſently acquainted when I know the Company; but this Gentlewoman is a ſtranger to me.

Wid. She is your Miſtreſs; I have ſpoke a good word for you; make her a Bow, and go and kiſs her.

Dan. Kiſs her! Have a care what you ſay; I warrant ſhe ſcorns your words. Such Fine Folk are not us'd to be ſlopt and kiſs'd. Do you think I don't know that, Mother?

Wid. Try her, try her, Man. [Daniel *bows, ſhe thruſts* Why that's well done; go nearer her. *him forward.*

Dan. Is the Devil in the Woman? Why ſo I can go nearer her, if you would let a body alone. [*To his Mother.* Cry you mercy, forſooth; my Mother is always ſhaming one before company: She wou'd have me as unmannerly as her ſelf, and offer to kiſs you. [*To* Lucia.

Well. Why, won't you kiſs her?

Dan. Why, pray, may I?

Well. Kiſs her, Kiſs her, Man.

Dan. Marry, and I will. [*Kiſſes her.*] Gadſooks! ſhe kiſſes rarely! An' pleaſe you, Miſtreſs, and ſeeing my Mother will

will have it ſo, I don't much care if I kiſs you again, forſooth. [*Kiſſes her again.*

Luc. Well, how do you like me now?

Dan. Like you! marry, I don't know. You have bewitch'd me, I think: I was never ſo in my born days before.

Wid. You muſt marry this Fine Woman, *Daniel.*

Dan. Hey day! marry her! I was never married in all my life. What muſt I do with her then, Mother?

Wid. You muſt live with her, eat and drink with her, go to bed with her, and ſleep with her.

Dan. Nay, marry, if I muſt go to bed with her, I ſhall never ſleep, that's certain: She'll break me of my reſt, quite and clean, I tell you before-hand. As for eating and drinking with her, why I have a good ſtomach, and can play my part in any company. But how do you think I can go to bed to a Woman I don't know?

Well. You ſhall know her better.

Dan. Say you ſo, Sir?

Well. Kiſs her again. [Daniel *kiſſes* Lucy.

Dan. Nay, kiſſing I find will make us preſently acquainted. We'll ſteal into a Corner to practiſe a little, and then I ſhall be able to do any thing.

Well. The Young Man mends apace.

Wid. Pray don't baulk him.

Dan. Mother, Mother, if you'll ſtay in the room by me, and promiſe not to leave me, I don't care for once if I venture to go to bed with her.

Wid. There's a good Child; go in and put on thy beſt Cloaths; pluck up a ſpirit; I'll ſtay in the room by thee. She won't hurt thee, I warrant thee.

Dan. Nay, as to that matter, I'm not afraid of her: I'll give her as good as ſhe brings: I have a *Rowland* for her *Oliver*, and ſo you may tell her. [*Exit.*

Wid. Mrs *Lucy*, we ſhan't ſtay for you: You are in a readineſs, I ſuppoſe.

Well. She's always ready to do what I wou'd have her, I muſt ſay that for my Siſter.

Wid. 'Twill be her own another day. Mr. *Welldon*, we'll marry 'em out of hand, and then ——

Well. And then, Mrs. *Lackitt*, look to your ſelf.— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Oroonoko *and* Blanford.

Oro. YOU grant I have good reaſon to ſuſpect
All the profeſſions you can make to me.
Blan. Indeed you have.
Oro. The Dog that ſold me did profeſs as much
As you can do. —— But yet I know not why, ——
Whether it is becauſe I'm fall'n ſo low,
And have no more to fear. —— That is not it:
I am a Slave no longer than I pleaſe.
'Tis ſomething nobler. —— Being juſt my ſelf,
I am inclining to think others ſo:
'Tis that prevails upon me to believe you.
Blan. You may believe me.
Oro. I do believe you.
From what I know of you, you are no Fool:
Fools only are the Knaves, and live by Tricks:
Wiſe men may thrive without 'em, and be honeſt.
Blan. They won't all take your counſel. —— [*aſide.*
Oro. You know my Story, and you ſay you are
A Friend to my Misfortunes: That's a name
Will teach you what you owe your ſelf and me.
Blan. I'll ſtudy to deſerve to be your Friend.
When once our Noble Governor arrives,
With him you will not need my Intereſt:
He is too generous not to feel your wrongs.
But be aſſur'd I will employ my pow'r,
And find the means to ſend you home again.
Oro. I thank you, Sir. —— My honeſt, wretched Friends!
Their Chains are heavy: They have hardly found [*ſighing.*
So kind a Maſter. May I ask you, Sir,
What is become of 'em? Perhaps I ſhou'd not.
You will forgive a Stranger.
Blan. I'll enquire, and uſe my beſt endeavours, where they are,
To have 'em gently us'd.
Oro. Once more I thank you.
You offer every Cordial that can keep
My Hopes alive, to wait a better day.

What

What Friendly Care can do, you have apply'd:
But, Oh! I have a Grief admits no Cure.
Blan. You do not know, Sir,——
Oro. Can you raiſe the dead?
Purſue and overtake the Wings of Time?
And bring about again the Hours, the Days,
The Years that made me happy.
Blan. That is not to be done.
Oro. No, there is nothing to be done for me. [*Kneeling and*
Thou God ador'd! thou ever-glorious Sun! *kiſſing the Earth.*
If ſhe be yet on Earth, ſend me a Beam
Of thy All-ſeeing Power to light me to her.
Or if thy Siſter Goddeſs has preferr'd
Her Beauty to the skies to be a Star;
O tell me where ſhe ſhines, that I may ſtand
Whole Nights, and gaze upon her.
Blan. I am rude, and interrupt you.
Oro. I am troubleſome:
But pray give me your Pardon. My ſwoll'n Heart
Burſts out its paſſage, and I muſt complain.
O! can you think of nothing dearer to me?
Dearer than Liberty, my Countrey, Friends,
Much dearer than my Life? that I have loſt.
The tend'reſt, beſt belov'd, and loving Wife.
Blan. Alas! I pity you.
Oro. Do, pity me:
Pity's a-kin to Love; and every thought
Of that ſoft kind is welcome to my Soul.
I wou'd be pity'd here. (if you,
Blan. I dare not ask more than you pleaſe to tell me: but
Think it convenient to let me know
Your Story, I dare promiſe you to bear
A part in your Diſtreſs, if not aſſiſt you.
Oro. Thou honeſt-hearted man! I wanted ſuch,
Juſt ſuch a Friend as thou art, that would ſit
Still as the night, and let me talk whole days
Of my *Imoinda*. O! I'll tell thee all
From firſt to laſt; and pray obſerve me well.
Blan. I will moſt heedfully.
Oro. There was a Stranger in my Father's Court,

Valu'd

Valu'd and honour'd much: He was a White,
The firſt I ever ſaw of your Complexion:
He chang'd his gods for ours, and ſo grew great;
Of many Virtues, and ſo fam'd in Arms,
He ſtill commanded all my Father's Wars.
I was bred under him. One Fatal Day,
The Armies joining, he before me ſtept,
Receiving in his breaſt a Poyſon'd Dart
Levell'd at me; He dy'd within my Arms.
I've tir'd you already.

Blan. Pray go on.

Oro. He left an only Daughter, whom he brought
An Infant to *Angola*. When I came
Back to the Court, a happy Conqueror;
Humanity oblig'd me to condole
With this ſad Virgin for a Father's Loſs,
Loſt for my ſafety. I preſented her
With all the Slaves of Battel to attone
Her Father's Ghoſt. But when I ſaw her Face,
And heard her ſpeak, I offer'd up my ſelf
To be the Sacrifice. She bow'd and bluſh'd;
I wonder'd and ador'd. The Sacred Pow'r
That had ſubdu'd me, then inſpir'd my Tongue,
Inclin'd her Heart; and all our Talk was Love.

Blan. Then you were happy.

Oro. O! I was too happy.
I marry'd her: And though my Countrey's Cuſtom
Indulg'd the Privilege of many Wives,
I ſwore my ſelf never to know but her.
She grew with Child, and I grew happier ſtill.
O my *Imoinda*! but it cou'd not laſt.
Her fatal Beauty reach'd my Father's Ears:
He ſent for her to Court, where, curſed Court!
No Woman comes, but for his Amorous Uſe.
He raging to poſſeſs her, ſhe was forc'd
To own her ſelf my Wife. The furious King
Started at Inceſt: But grown deſperate,
Not daring to enjoy what he deſir'd,
In mad Revenge, which I cou'd never learn,
He Poyſon'd her, or ſent her far, far off,
Far from my hopes ever to ſee her more.

Blan.

Blan. Moſt barbarous of Fathers! the ſad Tale
Has ſtruck me dumb with wonder.
Oro. I have done.
I'le trouble you no farther: now and then,
A Sigh will have its way; that ſhall be all.
[Enter *Stanmore.*
Stan. Blandford, the Lieutenant Governour is gone to your Plantation.
He deſires you wou'd bring the Royal Slave with you.
The ſight of his fair Miſtriſs, he ſays, is an Entertainment
For a Prince; he wou'd have his opinion of her.
Oro. Is he a Lover?
Blan. So he ſays himſelf: he flatters a beautifull
Slave, that I have, and calls her Miſtreſs.
Oro. Muſt he then flatter her to call her Miſtriſs?
I pity the proud Man, who thinks himſelf
Above being in love: what, tho' ſhe be a Slave,
She may deſerve him.
Blan. You ſhall judge of that, when you ſee her, Sir.
Oro. I go with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Plantation.*

[*L. Governour following* Imoinda.]

Gov. I have diſturb'd you, I confeſs my fault,
My fair *Clemene*, but begin again,
And I will liſten to your mournfull Song,
Sweet as the ſoft complaining Nightingales.
While every Note calls out my trembling Soul,
And leaves me ſilent, as the Midnight Groves,
Only to ſhelter you, ſing, ſing agen,
And let me wonder at the many ways
You have to raviſh me.
Imo. O! I can weep
Enough for you, and me, if that will pleaſe you.
Gov. You muſt not weep: I come to dry your Tears,
And raiſe you from your Sorrow. Look upon me:

Look with the Eyes of kind indulging Love,
That I may have full cauſe for what I ſay:
I come to offer you your liberty,
And be my ſelf the Slave. You turn away. [*Following her.*
But every thing becomes you. I may take
This pretty hand: I know your Modeſty
Wou'd draw it back: but you wou'd take it ill,
If I ſhou'd let it go, I know you wou'd.
You ſhall be gently forc'd to pleaſe your ſelf;
That you will thank me for. [*She ſtruggles, and gets her hand from him, then he offers to kiſs her.*
Nay if your ſtruggle with me, I muſt take——

Imo. You may, my life, that I can part with freely. [*Exit.*

[*Enter* Blanford, Stanmore, Oroonoko *to him.*]

Blan. So, Governour, we don't diſturb you, I hope: your Miſtriſs has left you: you were making Love, ſhe's thankfull for the Honour, I ſuppoſe.

Gov. Quite inſenſible to all I ſay, and do:
When I ſpeak to her, ſhe ſighs, or weeps,
But never anſwers me as I wou'd have her.

Stan. There's ſomething nearer than her Slavery, that touches her.

Blan. What do her fellow Slaves ſay of her? cann't they find the cauſe?

Gov. Some of 'em, who pretend to be wiſer than the reſt, and hate her, I ſuppoſe, for being us'd better than they are, will needs have it that ſhe's with Child.

Blan. Poor wretch! if it be ſo, I pity her:
She has loſt a husband, that perhaps was dear
To her, and then you cannot blame her.

Oro. If it be ſo, indeed you cannot blame her. [*Sighing.*

Gov. No, no, it is not ſo: if it be ſo,
I ſtill muſt love her: and deſiring ſtill,
I muſt enjoy her.

Blan. Try what you can do with fair means, and wellcome.

Gov. I'll give you ten Slaves for her.

Blan. You know ſhe is our Lord Governour's: but if I could Diſpoſe of her, I wou'd not now, eſpecially to you.

Gov.

Gov. Why not to me?

Blan I mean againſt her Will. You are in love with her.
And we all know what your deſires wou'd have:
Love ſtops at nothing but poſſeſſion.
Were ſhe within your pow'r, you do not know
How ſoon you wou'd be tempted to forget
The Nature of the Deed, and, may be, act
A violence, you after wou'd repent.

Oro. 'Tis Godlike in you to protect the weak.

Gov. Fye, fye, I wou'd not force her. Tho' ſhe be
A Slave, her Mind is free, and ſhou'd conſent.

Oro. Such Honour will engage her to conſent:
And then, if you'r in love, ſhe's worth the having.
Shall we not ſee this wonder?

Gov. Have a care;
You have a Heart, and ſhe has conquering Eyes.

Oro. I have a Heart: but if it cou'd be falſe
To my firſt Vows, ever to love agen,
Theſe honeſt Hands ſhou'd tear it from my Breaſt,
And throw the Traytor from me. O! *Imoinda!*
Living or dead, I can be only thine.

Blan. Imoinda was his Wife: ſhe's either dead,
Or living, dead to him: forc't from his Arms
By an inhuman Father. Another time
I'le tell you all. [*To* Gov. *and* Stanmore.]

Stan. Hark! the Slaves have done their work;
And now begins their Evening merriment.

Blan. The Men are all in love with fair *Clemene*
As much as you are: and the Women hate her,
From an inſtinct of natural jealouſie.
They ſing, and dance, and try their little tricks
To entertain her, and divert her ſadneſs.
May be ſhe is among 'em: ſhall we ſee? [*Exeunt.*

The Scene drawn ſhews the Slaves, Men, Women, and Children upon the Ground, ſome riſe and dance, others ſing the following Songs.

A SONG. [By an unknown hand.]

Sett by Mr. *Courtevill*, and ſung by the Boy to *Miſs Croſs*.

I.

A Laſs there lives upon the Green,
Cou'd I her Picture draw;
A brighter Nymph was never ſeen,
That looks, and reigns a little Queen,
And keeps the Swains in awe.

II.

Her Eyes are Cupid's *Darts, and Wings,*
Her Eyebrows are his Bow;
Her Silken Hair the Silver-Strings,
Which ſure and ſwift deſtruction brings
To all the Vale below.

III.

If Paſtorella's *dawning Light*
Can warm, and wound us ſo:
Her Noon will ſhine ſo piercing bright,
Each glancing beam will kill outright,
And every Swain ſubdue.

SONG

A SONG, by Mr. *Cheek.*

Sett by Mr. *Courtevill*, and ſung by Mr. *Leveridge.*

I.

Bright Cynthia's *Pow'r divinely great,*
What Heart is not obeying?
A thouſand Cupids *on her wait,*
And in her Eyes are playing.

II.

She ſeems the Queen of Love to reign,
For She alone diſpences
Such Sweets, as beſt can entertain
The Guſt of all the Senſes.

III.

Her Face a charming proſpect brings;
Her Breath gives balmy Bliſſes:
I hear an Angel, when ſhe ſings,
And taſte of Heaven in Kiſſes.

IV.

Four Senſes thus ſhe feaſts with joy,
From Nature's richeſt Treaſure:
Let me the other Senſe employ,
And I ſhall dye with pleaſure.

During

During the Entertainment, the Governour, Blanford, Stanmore, Oroonoko, *enter as Spectators; that ended,* Captain, Driver, Jack Stanmore, *and ſeveral Planters enter with their Swords drawn.* [*A Bell rings.*

Capt. Where are you, Governour? make what haſt you can
To ſave your ſelf, and the whole Colony.
I bid 'em ring the Bell.

Gov. What's the matter?

J. Stan. The *Indians* are come down upon us:
They have plunder'd ſome of the Plantations already,
And are marching this way, as faſt as they can.

Gov. What can we do againſt 'em?

Blan. We ſhall be able to make a ſtand,
Till more Planters come in to us.

J. Stan. There are a great many more without,
If you wou'd ſhow your ſelf, and put us in order.

Gov. There's no danger of the White Slaves, they'll not ſtir:
Blanford, and *Stanmore* come you along with me:
Some of you ſtay here to look after the Black Slaves.

All go out but the Captain, and 6 Planters, who all at once ſeize Oroonoko.

1. *Plan.* Ay, ay, let us alone.

Capt. In the firſt place we ſecure you, Sir,
As an Enemy to the Government.

Oro. Are you there, Sir, you are my conſtant Friend.

1 *Plan.* You will be able to do a great deal of miſchief.

Capt. But we ſhall prevent you: bring the Irons hither.
He has the malice of a Slave in him, and wou'd be glad to be cutting his Maſters Throats, I know him. Chain his hands and feet, that he may not run over to 'em: if they have him, they ſhall carry him on their backs, that I can tell 'em.

[*As they are chaining him,* Blanford *enters, runs to 'em.*

Blan. What are you doing there?

Capt. Securing the main chance: this is a boſom enemy.

Blan. Away you Brutes: I'll anſwer with my life for his behaviour; ſo tell the Governour.

Capt.

Capt. } Well, Sir, ſo we will. } *Exeunt Capt. and*
Plan. } *Planters.*

Oro. Give me a Sword and I'll deſerve your truſt.

A Party of Indians *enter, hurrying* Imoinda *among the Slaves; another Party of* Indians *ſuſtains 'em retreating, follow'd at a diſtance by the Governour with the Planters:* Blanford, Oroonoko *joyn 'em.*

Blan. Hell, and the Devil! they drive away our Slaves before our Faces. Governour, can you ſtand tamely by, and ſuffer this? *Clemene*, Sir, your Miſtriſs is among 'em.

Gov. We throw our ſelves away, in the attempt to reſcue 'em.

Oro. A Lover cannot fall more glorious,
Than in the cauſe of Love. He that deſerves
His Miſtreſs's favour wonnot ſtay behind:
I'le lead you on, be bo'd, and follow me.

Oroonoko *at the head of the Planters, falls upon the* Indians *with a great ſhout, beats 'em off.*

Imoinda *enters.*

Imo. I'm toſt about by my tempeſtuous Fate,
And no where muſt have reſt; *Indians*, or *Engliſh!*
Whoever has me, I am ſtill a Slave.
No matter whoſe I am, ſince I am no more,
My Royal Maſters; Since I'm his no more.
O I was happy! nay, I will be happy,
In the dear thought that I am ſtill his Wife,
Tho' far divided from him. [*Draws off to a corner of the Stage.*

After a ſhout, enter the Governour with Oroonoko, Blanford, Stanmore, *and the Planters.*

Gov. Thou glorious Man! theu ſomething greater ſure
Than *Cæſar* ever was! that ſingle Arm
Has ſav'd us all: accept our general thanks.

All bow to Oroonoko.

And what we can do more to recompenſe

Such

Such noble ſervices, you ſhall command.
Clemene too ſhall thank you, ---- ſhe is ſafe------
Look up, and bleſs your brave deliverer.
[*Brings* Clemene *forward, looking down on the ground.*
Oro. Bleſs me indeed!
Blan. You ſtart!
Oro. O all you Gods!
Who govern this great World, and bring about
Things ſtrange, and unexpected, can it be?
Gov. What is't you ſtare at ſo?
Oro. Anſwer me ſome of you, you who have power,
And have your Senſes free: or are you all
Struck thro' with wonder too? [*Looking ſtill fixt on her.*
Blan. What wou'd you know?
Oro. My Soul ſteals from my Body thro' my Eyes:
All that is left of life, I'll gaze away,
And die upon the Pleaſure.
Gov. This is ſtrange!
Oro. If you but mock me with her Image here:
If ſhe be not *Imoinda* ------ } *She looks upon him, and falls into*
Ha! ſhe faints! } *a Swoon, he runs to her.*
Nay, then it muſt be ſhe: it is *Imoinda*:
My Heart confeſſes her, and leaps for joy,
To welcome her to her own Empire here.
I feel her all, in every part of me.
O! let me preſs her in my eager Arms,
Wake her to life, and with this kindling Kiſs
Give back that Soul, ſhe only ſent to me. [*Kiſſes her.*
Gov. I am amaz'd!
Blan. I am as much as you.
Oro. Imoinda! O! thy *Oroonoko* calls.
[Imoinda *coming to life.*
Imo. My *Oroonoko!* O! I can't believe
What any Man can ſay. But if I am
To be deceiv'd, there's ſomething in that Name,
That Voice, that Face, [*Staring on him,*
O! if I know my ſelf, I cannot be miſtaken.
[*Runs, and embraces* Oroonoko.

Oro.

Oro. Never here;
You cannot be miſtaken: I am yours,
Your *Oroonoko*, all that you wou'd have,
Your tender loving Husband.
Imo. All indeed
That I wou'd have: my Husband! then I am
Alive, and waking to the Joys I feel:
They were ſo great, I cou'd not think 'em true.
But I believe all that you ſay to me:
For Truth it ſelf, and everlaſting Love
Grows in this Breaſt, and pleaſure in theſe arms.
Oro. Take, take me all: enquire into my heart,
(You know the way to every ſecret there)
My Heart, the ſacred treaſury of Love:
And if, in abſence, I have miſ-employ'd
A Mite from the rich ſtore: if I have ſpent
A Wiſh, a Sigh, but what I ſent to you:
May I be curſt to wiſh, and ſigh in vain,
And you not pity me.
Imo. O! I believe,
And know you by my ſelf. If theſe ſad Eyes,
Since laſt we parted, have beheld the Face
Of any Comfort; or once wiſh'd to ſee
The light of any other Heaven, but you:
May I be ſtruck this moment blind, and loſe
Your bleſſed ſight, never to find you more.
Oro. Imoinda! O! this ſeparation
Has made you dearer, if it can be ſo,
Than you were ever to me. You appear
Like a kind Star to my benighted Steps,
To guide me on my way to happineſs:
I cannot miſs it now. Governour, Friend,
You think me mad: but let me bleſs you all,
Who, any way, have been the Inſtruments
Of finding her again. *Imoinda*'s found!
And every thing, that I wou'd have in her.
[*Embracing her in the moſt paſſionate Fondneſs.*

Stan. Where's your Miſtriſs now, Governour?

Gov. Why, where moſt Men's Miſtriſſes are forc'd to be ſometimes,
With her Husband, it ſeems: but I won't loſe her ſo. [*Aſide.*

Stan. He has fought luſtily for her, and deſerves her, I'll ſay that for him.

Blan. Sir we congratulate your happineſs: I do moſt heartily.

Gov. And all of us: but how it comes to paſs-----

Oro. That will require more precious time than I can ſpare you now.
I have a thouſand things to ask of her,
And ſhe as many more to know of me.
But you have made me happier, I confeſs,
Acknowledge it, much happier, than I
Have words, or pow'r to tell you. Captain, you,
Ev'n you, who moſt have wrong'd me, I forgive.
I won't ſay you have betray'd me now:
I'll think you but the miniſter of Fate,
To bring me to my lov'd *Imoinda* here.

Imo. How, how ſhall I receive you? how be worthy
Of ſuch Endearments, all this tenderneſs?
Theſe are the Tranſports of Proſperity,
When Fortune ſmiles upon us.

Oro. Let the Fools, who follow Fortune, live upon her ſmiles.
All our Proſperity is plac'd in Love.
We have enough of that to make us happy.
This little ſpot of Earth you ſtand upon,
Is more to me, than the extended Plains
Of my great Father's Kingdom. Here I reign
In full delights, in Joys to Pow'r unknown;
Your Love my Empire, and your Heart my Throne. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I.

[Aboan *with ſeveral Slaves*, Hottman.]

Hott. WHat! to be Slaves to Cowards! Slaves to Rogues!
Who cann't defend themſelves!
Abo. Who is this Fellow? he talks as if he were acquainted
With our deſign: is he one of us? [*Aſide to his own Gang.*
Slav. Not yet: but he will be glad to make one, I believe.
Abo. He makes a mighty noiſe.
Hott. Go, ſneak in Corners; whiſper out your Griefs,
For fear your Maſters hear you: cringe and crouch
Under the bloody whip, like beaten Currs,
That lick their Wounds, and know no other cure.
All, wretches all! you feel their cruelty,
As much as I can feel, but dare not groan.
For my part, while I have a Life and Tongue,
I'll curſe the Authors of my Slavery.
Abo. Have you been long a Slave?
Hott. Yes, many years.
Abo. And do you only curſe?
Hott. Curſe? only curſe? I cannot conjure,
To raiſe the Spirits of other Men:
I am but one. O! for a Soul of fire,
To warm, and animate our common Cauſe,
And make a body of us: then I wou'd
Do ſomething more than curſe.
Abo. That body ſet on Foot, you wou'd be one,
A limb, to lend it motion.
Hott. I wou'd be the Heart of it: the Head, the Hand, and Heart.
Wou'd I cou'd ſee the day:
Abo. You will do all your ſelf.
Hott. I wou'd do more, than I ſhall ſpeak: but I may find a time.
Abo. The time may come to you; be ready for't.

Methinks he talks too much: I'll know him more,
Before I truſt him farther.

Slav. If he dares half what he ſays, he'll be of uſe to us.

[*Enter* Blanford *to 'em.*]

Blan. If there be any one among you here,
That did belong to *Oroonoko*, ſpeak,
I come to him.

Abo. I did belong to him: *Aboan*, my Name.

Blan. You are the Man I want; pray, come with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

[Oroonoko *and* Imoinda.]

Oro. I do not blame my Father for his Love:
(Tho' that had been enough to ruine me)
'Twas Nature's fault, that made you like the Sun,
The reaſonable worſhip of Mankind:
He cou'd not help his Adoration.
Age had not lock'd his Sences up ſo cloſe,
But he had Eyes, that open'd to his Soul,
And took your Beauties in: he felt your pow'r,
And therefore I forgive his loving you.
But when I think on his Barbarity,
That cou'd expoſe you to ſo many Wrongs;
Driving you out to wretched Slavery,
Only for being mine; then I confeſs,
I wiſh I cou'd forget the Name of Son,
That I might curſe the Tyrant.

Imo. I will bleſs him, for I have found you here. Heav'n only knows
What is reſerv'd for us: but if we gheſs
The future by the paſt, our Fortune muſt
Be wonderfull, above the common Size
Of good or ill; it muſt be in extreams:
Extreamly happy, or extreamly wretched.

Oro. 'Tis in our pow'r to make it happy now.

Imo. But not to keep it ſo. [*Enter* Blanford *and* Aboan.

Blan.

Blan. My Royal Lord! I have a Preſent for you.
Oro. *Aboan!*
Abo. Your loweſt Slave.
Oro. My try'd and valu'd Friend.
This worthy Man always prevents my wants:
I only wiſh'd, and he has brought thee to me.
Thou art ſurpriz'd: carry thy duty there. [Aboan *goes to* Imoinda *and falls at her Feet.*
While I acknowledge mine, how ſhall I thank you.
Blan. Believe me honeſt to your intereſt,
And I am more than paid. I have ſecur'd,
That all your Followers ſhall be gently us'd.
This Gentleman, your chiefeſt Favourite,
Shall wait upon your Perſon, while you ſtay among us.
Oro. I owe every thing to you.
Blan. You muſt not think you are in Slavery.
Oro. I do not find I am.
Blan. Kind Heaven has miraculouſly ſent
Thoſe Comforts, that may teach you to expect
Its farther care, in your deliverance.
Oro. I ſometimes think my ſelf, Heav'n is concern'd
For my deliverance.
Blan. It will be ſoon:
You may expect it. Pray, in the mean time,
Appear as chearfull as you can among us.
You have ſome Enemies, that repreſent
You dangerous, and wou'd be glad to find
A Reaſon, in your diſcontent, to fear:
They watch your looks. But there are honeſt Men,
Who are your Friends: You are ſecure in them.
Oro. I thank you for your caution.
Blan. I will leave you:
And be aſſur'd, I wiſh your liberty. [*Exit.*
Abo. He ſpeaks you very fair.
Oro. He means me fair.
Abo. If he ſhould not, my Lord.
Oro. If, he ſhould not.
I'll not ſuſpect his Truth: but if I did,

What

What ſhall I get by doubting?

Abo. You ſecure, not to be diſappointed: but beſides,
There's this advantage in ſuſpecting him:
When you put off the hopes of other men,
You will rely upon your God-like ſelf:
And then you may be ſure of liberty.

Oro. Be ſure of liberty! what doſt thou mean;
Adviſing to rely upon my ſelf?
I think I may be ſure on't: we muſt wait:
'Tis worth a little patience. [*Turning to* Imoinda

Abo. O my Lord!

Oro. What doſt thou drive at?

Abo. Sir, another time,
You wou'd have found it ſooner: but I ſee
Love has your Heart, and takes up all your thoughts.

Oro. And canſt thou blame me?

Abo. Sir, I muſt not blame you.
But as our fortune ſtands there is a Paſſion
(Your pardon Royal Miſtriſs, I muſt ſpeak:)
That wou'd become you better than your Love:
A brave reſentment; which inſpir'd by you,
Might kindle, and diffuſe a generous rage
Among the Slaves, to rouze and ſhake our Chains,
And ſtruggle to be free.

Oro. How can we help our ſelves?

Abo. I knew you, when you wou'd have found a way.
How, help our ſelves! the very *Indians* teach us:
We need but to attempt our Liberty,
And we may carry it. We have Hands ſufficient,
Double the number of our Maſters force,
Ready to be employ'd. What hinders us.
To ſet 'em then at work? we want but you,
To head our enterprize, and bid us ſtrike.

Oro. What wou'd you do?

Abo. Cut our Oppreſſors Throats.

Oro. And you wou'd have me joyn in your deſign of Murder?

Abo. It deſerves a better Name:
But be it what it will, 'tis juſtified

By

By ſelf-defence, and natural liberty.

Oro. I'll hear no more on't.

Abo. I am ſorry for't.

Oro: Nor ſhall you think of it.

Abo. Not think of it!

Oro. No, I command you not.

Abo. Remember Sir,
You are a Slave your ſelf, and to command,
Is now anothers right. Not think of it!
Since the firſt moment they put on my Chains,
I've thought of nothing but the weight of 'em,
And how to throw 'em off: can yours ſit eaſie?

Oro. I have a ſenſe of my condition,
As painfull, and as quick, as yours can be.
I feel for my *Imoinda* and my ſelf;
Imoinda much the tendereſt part of me.
But though I languiſh for my liberty,
I wou'd not buy it at the Chriſtian Price
Of black Ingratitude: they ſhannot ſay,
That we deſerv'd our Fortune by our Crimes.
Murder the Innocent!

Abo. The Innocent!

Oro. Theſe men are ſo, whom you wou'd riſe againſt:
If we are Slaves, they did not make us Slaves;
But bought us in an honeſt way of trade:
As we have done before 'em, bought and ſold
Many a wretch, and never thought it wrong.
They paid our Price for us, and we are now
Their Property, a part of their Eſtate,
To manage as they pleaſe. Miſtake me not,
I do not tamely ſay, that we ſhould bear
All they could lay upon us: but we find
The load ſo light, ſo little to be felt,
(Conſidering they have us in their power,
And may inflict what grievances they pleaſe)
We ought not to complain.

Abo. My Royal Lord!
You do not know the heavy Grievances,

The Toyls, the Labours, weary Drudgeries,
Which they impoſe; Burdens, more fit for Beaſts,
For ſenſeleſs Beaſts to bear, than thinking Men.
Then if you ſaw the bloody Cruelties,
They execute on every ſlight offence;
Nay ſometimes in their proud, inſulting ſport:
How worſe than Dogs, they laſh their fellow Creatures:
Your heart wou'd bleed for 'em. O cou'd you know
How many Wretches lift their Hands and Eyes
To you, for their Relief.

Oro. I pity 'em,
And wiſh I cou'd with honeſty do more.

Abo. You muſt do more, and may, with honeſty.
O Royal Sir, remember who you are,
A Prince, born for the good of other Men:
Whoſe God-like Office is to draw the Sword
Againſt Oppreſſion, and ſet free Mankind:
And this, I'm ſure, you think Oppreſſion now.
What tho' you have not felt theſe miſeries,
Never believe you are oblig'd to them:
They have their ſelfiſh reaſons, may be, now,
For uſing of you well: but there will come
A time, when you muſt have your ſhare of 'em.

Oro. You ſee how little cauſe I have to think ſo:
Favour'd in my own Perſon, in my Friends;
Indulg'd in all that can concern my care,
In my *Imoinda*'s ſoft Society. [*Embracing her.*

Abo. And therefore wou'd you lye contented down,
In the forgetfulneſs, and arms of Love,
To get young Princes for 'em?

Oro. Say'ſt thou! ha!

Abo. Princes, the Heirs of Empire, and the laſt
Of your illuſtrious Lineage, to be born
To pamper up their Pride, and be their Slaves?

Oro. Imoinda! ſave me, ſave me from that thought.

Imo. There is no ſafety from it: I have long
Suffer'd it with a Mother's labouring pains;
And can no longer. Kill me, kill me now,

While

While I am bleſt, and happy in your love;
Rather than let me live to ſee you hate me:
As you muſt hate me; me, the only cauſe;
The Fountain of theſe flowing miſeries:
Dry up this Spring of Life, this pois'nous Spring,
That ſwells ſo faſt, to overwhelm us all.

Oro. Shall the dear Babe, the eldeſt of my hopes,
Whom I begot a Prince, be born a Slave?
The treaſure of this Temple was deſign'd
T'enrich a Kingdoms Fortune: ſhall it here
Be ſeiz'd upon by vile unhallow'd hands,
To be employ'd in uſes moſt prophane?

Abo. In moſt unworthy uſes; think of that;
And while you may, prevent it. O my Lord!
Rely on nothing that they ſay to you.
They ſpeak you fair, I know, and bid you wait.
But think what 'tis to wait on promiſes:
And promiſes of Men, who know no tye
Upon their words, againſt their intereſt:
And where's their intereſt in freeing you?

Imo. O! where indeed, to loſe ſo many Slaves?

Abo. Nay grant this Man, you think ſo much your Friend,
Be honeſt, and intends all that he ſays:
He is but one; and in a Government,
Where, he confeſſes, you have Enemies,
That watch your looks: what looks can you put on,
To pleaſe theſe men, who are before reſolv'd
To read 'em their own own way? alas! my Lord!
If they incline to think you dangerous,
They have their knaviſh Arts to make you ſo.
And then who knows how far their cruelty
May carry their revenge?

Imo. To every thing,
That does belong to you; your Friends, and me;
I ſhall be torn from you, forc't away,
Helpleſs, and miſerable: ſhall I live
To ſee that day agen?

Oro. That day ſhall never come.

Abo. I know you are perſwaded to believe
The Governour's arrival will prevent
Theſe miſchiefs, and beſtow your liberty:
But who is ſure of that? I rather fear
More miſchiefs from his coming: he is young,
Luxurious, paſſionate, and amorous:
Such a Complexion, and made bold by power,
To countenance all he is prone to do;
Will know no bounds, no law againſt his Luſts:
If, in a fit of his Intemperance,
With a ſtrong hand, he ſhould reſolve to ſeize,
And force my Royal Miſtreſs from your Arms,
How can you help your ſelf?

Oro. Ha! thou haſt rouz'd
The Lion in his den, he ſtalks abroad,
And the wide Forreſt trembles at his roar.
I find the danger now: my Spirits ſtart
At the alarm, and from all quarters come
To Man my Heart, the Citadel of love.
Is there a power on Earth to force you from me?
And ſhall I not reſiſt it? not ſtrike firſt
To keep, to ſave you? to prevent that curſe?
This is your Cauſe, and ſhall it not prevail?
O! you were born all ways to conquer me.
Now I am faſhion'd to thy purpoſe: ſpeak,
What Combination, what Conſpiracy,
Woud'ſt thou engage me in? I'le undertake
All thou woud'ſt have me now for liberty,
For the great Cauſe of Love and Liberty.

Abo. Now, my great Maſter, you appear your ſelf
And ſince we have you joyn'd in our deſign,
It cannot fail us. I have muſter'd up
The choiceſt Slaves, Men who are ſenſible
Of their condition, and ſeem moſt reſolv'd:
They have their ſeveral parties.

Oro. Summon 'em,
Aſſemble 'em: I will come forth, and ſhew
My ſelf among 'em: if they are reſolv'd,

He

I'le lead their formoſt reſolutions.

Abo. I have provided thoſe will follow you.

Oro. With this reſerve in our proceeding ſtill,
The means that lead us to our liberty,
Muſt not be bloody.

Abo. You command in all.
We ſhall expect you, Sir.

Oro. You ſhannot long.

Exeunt Oroonoko *and* Imoinda *at one Door*, Aboan *at another.*

SCENE III.

[Welldon *coming in before Mrs.* Lackit.]

Wid. Theſe unmannerly *Indians* were ſomething unſeaſonable, to diſturb us juſt in the nick, Mr. *Weldon:* but I have the Parſon within call ſtill, to doe us the good turn.

Well. We had beſt ſtay a little I think, to ſee things ſettled agen, had not we? Marriage is a ſerious thing you know.

Wid. What do you talk of a ſerious thing, Mr. *Welldon?* I think you have found me ſufficiently ſerious: I have marry'd my Son to your Siſter, to pleaſure you: and now I come to claim your promiſe to me, you tell me marriage is a ſerious thing.

Well. Why, is it not?

Wid. Fidle fadle, I know what it is: 'tis not the firſt time I have been marry'd, I hope: but I ſhall begin to think, you don't deſign to do fairly by me, ſo I ſhall.

Well. Why indeed, Mrs *Lackit*, I am afraid I can't do as fairly as I wou'd by you. 'Tis what you muſt know, firſt or laſt; and I ſhou'd be the worſt man in the world to conceal it any longer; therefore I muſt own to you, that I am marry'd already.

Wid. Marry'd! you don't ſay ſo I hope! how have you the Conſcience to tell me ſuch a thing to my face! have you abus'd me then, fool'd and cheated me? What do you take me for, Mr. *Welldon?* do you think I am to be ſerv'd at this rate? but

you ſhan't find me the ſilly creature, you think me: I wou'd have you to know, I underſtand better things, than to ruine my Son without a valuable conſideration. If I can't have you, I can keep my Money. Your Siſter ſhan't have the catch of him, ſhe expected: I won't part with a Shilling to 'em.

Well. You made the match your ſelf, you know, you can't blame me.

Wid. Yes, yes, I can, and do blame you:
You might have told me before you were marry'd.

Well. I wou'd not have told you now; but you follow'd me ſo cloſe, I was forc'd to't: indeed I am marry'd in *England*; but 'tis, as if I were not; for I have been parted from my Wife a great while: and to do reaſon on both ſides, we hate one another heartily. Now I did deſign, and will marry you ſtill, if you'll have a little patience.

Wid. A likely buſineſs truly.

Well. I have a Friend in *England* that I will write to, to poyſon my Wife, and then I can marry you with a good Conſcience, if you love me, as you ſay you do; you'll conſent to that, I'm ſure.

Wid. And will he do it, do you think?

Well. At the firſt word, or he is not the Man I take him to be.

Wid. Well, you are a dear Devil, Mr. *Welldon*:
And wou'd you poyſon your Wife for me?

Well. I wou'd do any thing for you.

Wid. Well, I am mightily oblig'd to you.
But 'twill be a great while before you can have an anſwer of your Letter.

Well. 'Twill be a great while indeed.

Wid. In the mean time, Mr. *Welldon*-----

Well. Why in the mean time-----
Here's company: we'll ſettle that within.
I'll follow you. [*Exit* Widow.

[*Enter* Stanmore.]

Stan. So, Sir, you carry your buſineſs ſwimmingly:
You have ſtolen a Wedding, I hear.

Well. Ay, my Siſter is marry'd: and I am very near being run away with my ſelf. *Stan.*

Stan. The Widow will have you then.
Well. You come very ſeaſonably to my reſcue:
Jack Stanmore is to be had, I hope.
Stan. At half an hours warning.
Well. I muſt adviſe with you. [*Exeunt:*

SCENE IV.

[Oroonoko *with* Aboan, Hottman, *Slaves.*]

Oro. Impoſſible! nothing's impoſſible:
We know our ſtrength only by being try'd.
If you object the Mountains, Rivers, Woods
Unpaſſable, that lie before our March:
Woods we can ſet on fire: we ſwim by nature:
What can oppoſe us then, but we may tame?
All things ſubmit to vertuous induſtry:
That we can carry with us, that is ours.
Slave. Great Sir, we have attended all you ſaid,
With ſilent joy and admiration:
And, were we only Men, wou'd follow ſuch,
So great a Leader, thro' the untry'd World.
But, oh! conſider we have other Names,
Husbands and Fathers, and have things more dear
To us, than Life, our Children, and our Wives,
Unfit for ſuch an expedition:
What muſt become of them?
Oro. We wonnot wrong
The virtue of our Women, to believe
There is a Wife among 'em, wou'd refuſe
To ſhare her Husband's fortune. What is hard,
We muſt make eaſie to 'em in our Love: while we live,
And have our Limbs, we can take care for them;
Therefore I ſtill propoſe to lead our march
Down to the Sea, and plant a Colony:
Where, in our native innocence, we ſhall live
Free, and be able to defend our ſelves;

Till

Till ſtreſs of weather, or ſome accident
Provide a Ship for us.
Abo. An accident! the luckieſt accident preſents it ſelf:
The very Ship, that brought and made us Slaves,
Swims in the River ſtill; I ſee no cauſe
But we may ſeize on that.
Oro. It ſhall be ſo:
There is a juſtice in it pleaſes me.
Do you agree to it? [*To the Slaves.*
Omn. We follow you.
Oro. You do not reliſh it. [*To* Hottman.
Hott. I am afraid
You'll find it difficult, and dangerous.
Abo. Are you the Man to find the danger firſt?
You ſhou'd have giv'n example. Dangerous!
I thought you had not underſtood the word;
You, who wou'd be the Head, the Hand, and Heart:
Sir, I remember you, you can talk well;
I wonnot doubt but you'll maintain your word.
Oro. This Fellow is not right, I'll try him further. [*To* Aboan.
The danger will be certain to us all:
And Death moſt certain in miſcarrying.
We muſt expect no mercy, if we fail:
Therefore our way muſt be not to expect:
We'll put it out of expectation,
By Death upon the place, or Liberty.
There is no mean, but Death or Liberty.
There's no Man here, I hope, but comes prepar'd
For all that can befall him.
Oro. Death is all:
In moſt conditions of humanity
To be deſir'd but to be ſhun'd in none:
The remedy of many; wiſh of ſome;
And certain end of all.
If there be one among us, who can fear
The face of Death appearing like a Friend,
As in this cauſe of Honour Death muſt be:
How will he tremble, when he ſees him dreſt

In

In the wild fury of our Enemies,
In all the terrors of their cruelty?
For now if we ſhou'd fall into their hands,
Cou'd they invent a thouſand murd'ring ways,
By racking Torments, we ſhou'd feel 'em all.

Hott. What will become of us?

Oro. Obſerve him now. [*To* Aboan *concerning* Hottman.
I cou'd die altogether, like a Man:
As you, and you, and all of us may do:
But who can promiſe for his bravery
Upon the Rack? where fainting, weary life,
Hunted thro' every Limb, is forc'd to feel
An agonizing death of all its parts?
Who can bear this? reſolve to be empal'd?
His Skin flead off, and roaſted yet alive?
The quivering fleſh torn from his broken Bones,
By burning Pincers? who can bear theſe Pains?

Hott. They are not to be born. [*Diſcovering all the confuſion of fear.*

Oro. You ſee him now, this Man of mighty words!

Abo. How his Eyes roul!

Oro. He cannot hide his fear:
I try'd him this way, and have found him out.

Abo. I cou'd not have believ'd it. Such a Blaze,
And not a ſpark of Fire!

Oro. His violence,
Made me ſuſpect him firſt: now I'm convinc'd.

Abo. What ſhall we do with him?

Oro. He is not fit——

Abo. Fit! hang him, he is only fit to be,
Juſt what he is, to live and die a Slave:
The baſe Companion of his ſervile Fears.

Oro. We are not ſafe with him.

Abo. Do you think ſo?

Oro. He'll certainly betray us.

Abo. That he ſhan't:
I can take care of that: I have a way
To take him off his evidence.

Oro. What way?

Abo. I'll ſtop his mouth before you, ſtab him here,
And then let him inform. [*Going to ſtab* Hottman, Oroonoko *holds him.*

Oro. Thou art not mad?

Abo. I wou'd ſecure our ſelves.

Oro. It ſhannot be this way; nay cannot be:
His Murder wou'd alarm all the reſt,
Make 'em ſuſpect us of Barbarity,
And, may be, fall away from our deſign.
We'll not ſet out in Blood: we have, my Friends,
This Night to furniſh what we can provide,
For our ſecurity, and juſt defence.
If there be one among us, we ſuſpect
Of baſeneſs, or vile fear, it will become
Our common care, to have our Eyes on him:
I wonnot name the Man.

Abo. You gheſs at him. [*To* Hottman.

Oro. To morrow, early as the breaking day,
We rendezvous behind the Citron Grove.
That Ship ſecur'd, we may tranſport our ſelves
To our reſpective homes: my Fathers Kingdom
Shall open her wide arms to take you in,
And nurſe you for her own, adopt you all,
All, who will follow me.

Omn. All, all follow you.

Oro. There I can give you all your liberty;
Beſtow its Bleſſings, and ſecure 'em yours.
There you ſhall live with honour, as becomes
My Fellow-ſufferers, and worthy Friends:
This if we do ſucceed: But if we fall
In our attempt, 'tis nobler ſtill to dye,
Than drag the galling yoke of ſlavery. [*Exeunt Omnes.*]

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

[Welldon *and* Jack Stanmore.]

Well. YOU ſee, honeſt *Jack*, I have been induſtrious for you: you muſt take ſome pains now to ſerve your ſelf.

J. Stan. Gad, Mr. *Welldon*, I have taken a great deal of pains: And if the Widow ſpeaks honeſtly, faith and troth, She'll tell you what a pains-taker I am.

Well. Fie, fie, not me: I am her Husband you know: She won't tell me what pains you have taken with her: Beſides, ſhe takes you for me.

J. Stan. That's true: I forgot you had marry'd her. But if you knew all----

Well. 'Tis no matter for my knowing all: if ſhe does----

J. Stan. Ay, ay, ſhe does know, and more than ever ſhe knew ſince ſhe was a woman, for the time; I will be bold to ſay: for I have done------

Well. The Devil take you, you'll never have done.

J. Stan. As old as ſhe is, ſhe has a wrincle behind more than ſhe had, I believe----

For I have taught her, what ſhe never knew in her life before.

Well. What care I what wrincles ſhe has? or what you have taught her? If you'll let me adviſe you, you may; if not, you may prate on, and ruine the whole deſign.

J. Stan. Well, well, I have done.

Well. No body, but your Cozin, and you, and I, know any

thing of this matter. I have marry'd Mrs. *Lackit*; and put you to bed to her, which she knows nothing of, to serve you: in two or three days I'll bring it about so, to resign up my claim, with her consent, quietly to you.

J. Stan. But how will you do it?

Well. That must be my business: in the mean time, if you should make any noise, 'twill come to her Ears, and be impossible to reconcile her.

J. Stan. Nay, as for that, I know the way to reconcile her, I warrant you.

Well. But how will you get her Money? I am marry'd to her.

J. Stan. That I don't know indeed.

Well. You must leave it to me, you find, all the pains I shall put you to, will be to be silent: you can hold your Tongue for two or three days?

J. Stan. Truly, not well, in a matter of this nature: I should be very unwilling to lose the reputation of this nights work, and the pleasure of telling.

Well. You must mortifie that vanity a little: you will have time enough to brag, and lie of your Manhood, when you have her in a bare-fac'd condition to disprove you.

J. Stan. Well, I'll try what I can do: the hopes of her Money must do it.

Well. You'll come at night again: 'tis your own business.

J. Stan. But you have the credit on't.

Well. 'Twill be your own another day, as the Widow says. Send your Cozin to me: I want his advise.

J. Stan. I want to be recruited, I'm sure, a good Breakfast, and to Bed: She has rock'd my Cradle sufficiently. [*Exit.*

Well. She wou'd have a Husband; and if all be, as he says, she has no reason to complain: but there's no relying on what the Men say upon these occasions: they have the benefit of their bragging, by recommending their abilities to other Women: theirs is a trading Estate, that lives upon credit, and increases by removing it out of one Bank into another. Now poor Women have not these opportunities: we must keep our stocks dead

dead by us, at home, to be ready for a purchaſe, when it comes, a Husband, let him be never ſo dear, and be glad of him: or venture our Fortunes abroad on ſuch rotten ſecurity, that the principal and intereſt, nay very often our perſons are in danger. If the Women wou'd agree (which they never will) to call home their Effects, how many proper Gentlemen wou'd ſneak into another way of living, for want of being reſponſible in this? then Husbands wou'd be cheaper. Here comes the Widow, ſhe'll tell truth: ſhe'll not bear falſe Witneſs againſt her own intereſt, I know.

[*Enter Widow* Lackit.]

Well. Now, Mrs. *Lackit.*

Wid. Well, well, *Lackit*, or what you will now; now I am marry'd to you: I am very well pleas'd with what I have done, I aſſure you.

Well. And with what I have done too, I hope.

Wid. Ah! Mr. *Welldon!* I ſay nothing, but you're a dear Man, and I did not think it had been in you.

Well. I have more in me than you imagine.

Wid. No, no, you can't have more than I imagine: 'tis impoſſible to have more: you have enough for any Woman, in an honeſt way, that I will ſay for you.

Well. Then I find you are ſatisfied.

Wid. Satisfied! no indeed; I'm not to be ſatisfied, with you or without you: to be ſatisfied, is to have enough of you; now, 'tis a folly to lye: I ſhall never think I can have enough of you. I ſhall be very fond of you: wou'd you have me fond of you? What do you do to me, to make me love you ſo well?

Well. Can't you tell what?

Wid. Go; there's no ſpeaking to you: you bring all the Blood of ones body into ones face, ſo you do: why do you talk ſo?

Well. Why, how do I talk?

Wid. You know how; but a little colour becomes me, I believe: how do I look to day?

Well. O! moſt lovingly, moſt amiably.

Wid. Nay, this can't be long a ſecret, I find, I ſhall diſcover it by my Countenance.

Well. The Women will find you out, you look ſo cheerfully.

Wid. But do I, do I really look ſo cheerfully, ſo amiably? there's no ſuch paint in the World as the natural glowing of a Complexion. Let 'em find me out, if they pleaſe, poor Creatures, I pity 'em: they envy me, I'm ſure, and wou'd be glad to mend their looks upon the ſame occaſion. The young jilflirting Girls, forſooth, believe nobody muſt have a Husband, but themſelves; but I wou'd have 'em to know there are other things to be taken care of, beſides their green Sickneſs:

Well. Ay, ſure, or the Phyſicians wou'd have but little practiſe.

Wid. Mr. *Welldon*, what muſt I call you: I muſt have ſome pretty fond name or other for you: what ſhall I call you?

Well. I thought you lik'd my own name.

Wid. Yes, yes, I like it, but I muſt have a nick-name for you: moſt Women have nick-names for their Husbands——

Well. Cuckold.

Wid. No, no, but 'tis very pretty before company; It looks negligent, and is the faſhion, you know.

Well. To be negligent of their Husbands, it is indeed.

Wid. Nay then, I won't be in the faſhion; for I can never be negligent of dear Mr. *Welldon*: and to convince you, here's ſomething to encourage you not to be negligent of me.

[*Gives him a Purſe and a little Casket.*

Five hundred pounds in Gold in this; and Jewels to the value of five hundred pounds more in this.

[Welldon *opens the Casket.*

Well. Ay, marry, this will encourage me indeed.

Wid. there are comforts in marrying an elderly Woman, Mr. *Welldon.* Now a young Woman wou'd have fancy'd ſhe had

paid

paid you with her perſon, or had done you the favour.

Well. What do you talk of young Women? you are as young as any of 'em, in every thing, but their folly and ignorance.

Wid. And do you thing me ſo? but I have no reaſon to ſuſpect you. Was not I ſeen at your houſe this Morning, do you think?

Well. You may venture again: you'll come at night, I ſuppoſe.

Wid. O dear! at night? ſo ſoon?

Well. Nay, if you think it ſo ſoon.

Wid. O! no, it is not for that Mr. *Welldon*, but-------

Well. You won't come then.

Wid. Won't! I don't ſay, I won't: that is not a word for a Wife:
If you command me------

Well. To pleaſe your ſelf.

Wid. I will come to pleaſe you.

Well. To pleaſe your ſelf, own it.

Wid. Well, well, to pleaſe my ſelf then, you're the ſtrangeſt Man in the world, nothing can ſcape you: you'll to the bottom of every thing.

[*Enter* Daniel, Lucia *following.*]

Dan. What wou'd you have? what do you follow me for?

Luc. Why, may'nt I follow you? I muſt follow you now all the World over.

Dan. Hold you, hold you there: not ſo far by a mile or two; I have enough of your Company already, byrlady; and ſomething to ſpare: you may go home to your Brother, an you will, I have no farther to do with you.

Wid. Why, *Daniel*, Child, thou art not out of thy wits ſure, art thou?

Dan. Nay, marry, I don't know; but I am very near it, I believe:
I am alter'd for the worſe mightily ſince you ſaw me;

And

And ſhe has been the cauſe of it there.

Wid. How ſo, Child?

Dan. I told you before what wou'd come on't, of putting me to bed to a ſtrange Woman: but you wou'd not be ſaid nay.

Wid. She is your Wife now, Child, you muſt love her.

Dan. Why, ſo I did, at firſt.

Wid. But you muſt love her always.

Dan. Always! I lov'd her as long as I cou'd, Mother, and as long as loving was good, I believe, for I find now I don't care a fig for her.

Luc. Why, you lubberly, ſlovenly, misbegotten Block-head-----

Wid. Nay, Miſtriſs *Lucy*, ſay any thing elſe, and ſpare not: but as to his begetting, that touches me, he is as honeſtly begotten, tho' I ſay it, that he is the worſe agen.

Luc. I ſee all good nature is thrown away upon you----

Wid. It was ſo with his Father before him: he takes after him.

Luc. And therefore I will uſe you, as you deſerve, you Tony.

Wid. Indeed he deſerves bad enough; but don't call him out of his name, his name is *Daniel*, you know.

Dan. She may call me Hermophrodite, if ſhe will,
For I hardly know whether I'm a Boy or a Girl.

Well. A Boy, I warrant thee, as long as thou liv'ſt.

Dan. Let her call me what ſhe pleaſes, Mother,
'Tis not her Tongue that I am afraid of.

Luc. I will make ſuch a Beaſt of thee, ſuch a Cuckold!

Wid. O, pray, no, I hope; do nothing raſhly, Mrs. *Lucy*.

Luc. Such a Cuckold will I make of thee!

Dan. I had rather be a Cuckold, than what you wou'd make of me in a week, I'm ſure: I have no more Manhood left in me already, than there is, ſaving the mark, in one of my Mothers old under Petticoats here.

Wid. Sirrah, Sirrah, meddle with your Wife's Petticoats, and

and let your Mother's alone, you ungracious Bird, you.

[*Beats him.*

Dan. Why is the Devil in the Woman? what have I ſaid now?

Do you know, if you were ask'd, I trow? but you are all of a bundle; ev'n hang together; he that unties you, makes a Rod for his own tail; and ſo he will find it, that has any thing to do with you.

Wid. Ay, Rogue enough, you ſhall find it: I have a Rod for your Tail ſtill.

Dan. No, Wife and I care not.

Wid. I'll ſwinge you into better manners, you Booby.

[*Beats him off*, Exit.

Well. You have conſummated our project upon him.

Luc. Nay, if I have a limb of the Fortune,
I care not who has the whole body of the Fool.

Well. That you ſhall, and a large one, I promiſe you.

Luc. Have you heard the news? they talk of an Engliſh Ship in the River.

Well. I have heard on't: and am preparing to receive it, as faſt as I can.

Luc. There's ſomething the matter too with the Slaves, Some diſturbance or other; I don't know what 'tis.

Well. So much the better ſtill:
We fiſh in troubled waters:
We ſhall have fewer Eyes upon us.
Pray, go you home, and be ready to aſſiſt me in your part of the deſign.

Luc. I can't fail in mine. [*Exit*

Well. The Widow has furniſh'd me, I thank her, to carry it on.
Now I have got a Wife, 'tis high time to think of getting a Husband.
I carry my fortune about me;
A thouſand Pounds in Gold and Jewels.
Let me ſee .....

'Twill

'Twill be a conſiderable truſt:
And I think, I ſhall lay it out to advantage.

[*Enter* Stanmore.]

Stan. So *Welldon*, *Jack* has told me his ſucceſs; and his hopes of marrying the Widow by your means.

Well. I have ſtrain'd a point, *Stanmore*, upon your account, To be ſerviceable to your Family.

Stan. I take it upon my account; and am very much oblig'd to you.
But here we are all in an uproar.

Well. So they ſay, what's the matter?

Stan. A Mutiny among the Slaves:
Oroonoko is at the head of 'em,
Our Governour is gone out with his raſcally Militia againſt 'em,
What it may come to no body knows.

Well. For my part, I ſhall do as well as the reſt: but I'm concern'd for my Siſter, and Cozen, whom I expect in the Ship from *England*.

Stan. There's no danger of 'em.

Well. I have a thouſand pounds here, in Gold and Jewels, for my Cozens uſe, that I wou'd more particularly take care of: 'tis too great a ſumm to venture at home; and I wou'd not have her wrong'd of it: therefore, to ſecure it, I think my beſt way will be, to put it into your keeping.

Stan. You have a very good opinion of my honeſty.

[*Takes the Purſe and Casket.*

Well. I have indeed, if any thing ſhou'd happen to me, in this buſtle, as no body is ſecure of accidents, I know you will take my Cozen into your protection and care.

Stan.

Stan. You may be ſure on't.

Well. If you hear ſhe is dead, as ſhe may be, then I deſire you to accept of the Thouſand Pound, as a Legacy, and Token of my Friendſhip; my Siſter is provided for.

Stan. Why, you amaze me: but you are never the nearer dying, I hope, for makeing your Will?

Well. Not a jot; but I love to be before-hand with Fortune. If ſhe comes ſafe; this is not a place for a ſingle Woman, you know;
Pray ſee her marryed as ſoon as you can.

Stan. If ſhe be as handſom as her Picture, I can promiſe her a Husband.

Well. If you like her, when you ſee her, I wiſh nothing ſo much as to have you marry her your ſelf.

Stan. From what I have heard of her, and my Engagements to you, it muſt be her Fault, if I don't:
I hope to have her from your own Hand.

Well. And I hope to give her to you, for all this.

Stan. Ay, ay, hang theſe melancholy Reflections.
Your Generoſity has engag'd all my Services.

Well. I always thought you worth making a Friend.

Stan. You ſhan't find your good Opinion thrown away upon me: I am in your Debt, and ſhall think ſo as long as I live.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter on one ſide of the Stage Oroonoko, Aboan, *with the Slaves,* Imoinda *with a Bow and Quiver, the Women, ſome leading, others carrying their Children upon their Backs.*

Oro. The Women, with their Children, fall behind.
Imoinda you muſt not expoſe your ſelf:
Retire, my Love: I almoſt fear for you.

Imo. I fear no Danger: Life, or Death, I will enjoy with you.

Oro. My Perſon is your Guard.

Abo. Now, Sir, blame your ſelf: if you had not prevented my

Oroonoko

cutting his Throat, that Coward there had not discover'd us;
He comes now to upbraid you.

Enter on the other side Governour, talking to Hottman, *with his Rabble.*

Gov. This is the very thing I would have wisht.
Your honest Service to the Government [*To* Hottman.
Shall be rewarded with your Liberty.
Abo. His honest Service! call it what it is,
His Villany, the Service of his Fear:
If he pretends to honest Services,
Let him stand out, and meet me, like a Man. [*Advancing.*
Oro. Hold, you: And you who come against us, hold;
I charge you in a general good to all,
And wish I cou'd command you, to prevent
The bloody Havock of the murdering Sword.
I wou'd not urge Destruction uncompell'd:
But if you follow Fate, you find it here.
The Bounds are set, the Limits of our Lives:
Between us lyes the gaping Gulph of Death,
To swallow all: who first advances—[*Enter the Capt. with his Crew.*
Capt. Here, here, here they are, Governour:
What! seize upon my Ship!
Come, Boys, fall on— [*Advancing first,* Oroonoko *kills him.*
Oro. Thou art fall'n indeed. Thy own Blood be upon thee.
Gov. Rest it there: he did deserve his Death.
Take him away. [*the Body remov'd.*
You see, Sir, you and those mistaken Men
Must be our Witnesses, we do not come
As Enemies, and thirsting for your Blood.
If we desir'd your Ruin, the Revenge
Of our Companions Death, had pusht it on.
But that we over-look, in a Regard
To common Safety, and the publick Good.
Oro. Regard that publick good: draw off your Men;
And leave us to our Fortune: We're resolv'd.
Gov. Resolv'd, on what? your Resolutions

Are

Are broken, overturn'd, prevented, loſt:
What Fortune now can you raiſe out of 'em?
Nay, grant we ſhou'd draw off, what can you do?
Where can you move? What more can you reſolve?
Unleſs it be to throw your ſelves away.
Famine muſt eat you up, if you go on.
You ſee, our Numbers cou'd with Eaſe compel
What we requeſt: And what do we requeſt?
Only to ſave your ſelves?

[*The Women with their Children gathering about the Men.*

Oro. I'le hear no more.

Women. Hear him, hear him. He takes no care of us.

Gov. To thoſe poor wretches who have been ſeduc'd,
And led away, to all, and every one,
We offer a full Pardon——

Oro. Then fall on. [*Preparing to Engage.*

Gov. Lay hold upon't, before it be too late,
Pardon and Mercy.

[*The Women clinging about the Men, they leave* Oroonoko, *and fall upon their Faces crying out for Pardon.*

Slaves. Pardon, Mercy, Pardon.

Oro. Let 'em go all: now, Governour, I ſee,
I own the Folly of my Enterpriſe,
The Raſhneſs of this Action, and muſt bluſh
Quite thro' this Vail of Night, a whitely Shame,
To think I cou'd deſign to make thoſe free,
Who were by Nature Slaves; Wretches deſign'd
To be their Maſters Dogs, and lick their Feet.
Whip, whip 'em to the Knowledge of your Gods,
Your Chriſtian Gods, who ſuffer you to be
Unjuſt, diſhoneſt, cowardly, and baſe,
And give 'em your Excuſe for being ſo.
I wou'd not live on the ſame Earth with Creatures,
That only have the Faces of their Kind:
Why ſhou'd they look like Men, who are not ſo?
When they put off their Noble Natures, for
The groveling qualities of down-caſt Beaſts,
I wiſh they had their Tails.

Abo. Then we ſhou'd know 'em.

Oro. We were too few before for Victory:
We're ſtill enow to dye. [*To* Imoinda, Aboan.

Blanford *Enters.*

Gov. Live, Royal Sir;
Live, and be happy long on your own Terms:
Only conſent to yield, and you ſhall have
What Terms you can propoſe, for you, and yours.

Oro. Conſent to yield! ſhall I betray my ſelf?

Gov. Alas! we cannot fear, that your ſmall Force,
The Force of two, with a weak Womans Arm,
Shou'd Conquer us. I ſpeak in the regard
And Honour of your Worth, in my deſire
And forwardneſs to ſerve ſo great a Man.
I wou'd not have it lie upon my Thoughts,
That I was the occaſion of the fall
Of ſuch a Prince, whoſe Courage carried on
In a more Noble Cauſe, wou'd well deſerve
The Empire of the World.

Oro. You can ſpeak fair.

Gov. Your Undertaking, tho' it wou'd have brought
So great a loſs to us, we muſt all ſay
Was generous, and noble; and ſhall be
Regarded only as the Fire of Youth,
That will break out ſometimes in Gallant. So
We'll think it but the Natural Impulſe,
A raſh impatience of Liberty:
No otherwiſe.

Oro. Think it what you will.
I was not born to render an Account
Of what I do, to any but my ſelf. [Blanford *comes forward.*

Blan. I'm glad you have proceed'd by fair means. [*To the Governour.*
I came to be a Mediator.

Gov. Try what you can work upon him.

Oro. Are you come againſt me too?

Blan. Is this to come againſt you? [*Offering his Sword to* Oroon.
Unarm'd to put my ſelf into your Hands?
I come, I hope, to ſerve you.
Oro. You have ſerv'd me;
I thank you for't: And I am pleas'd to think
You were my Friend, while I had need of one:
But now 'tis paſt; this farewell; and be gone. [*Embraces him.*
Blan. It is not paſt, and I muſt ſerve you ſtill.
I wou'd make up theſe Breaches, which the Sword
Will widen more; and cloſe us all in Love.
Oro. I know what I have done, and I ſhou'd be
A Child to think they ever can Forgive:
Forgive! Were there but that, I wou'd not live
To be Forgiven: Is there a Power on Earth,
That I can ever need forgiveneſs from?
Blan. You ſha' not need it.
Oro. No, I wonnot need it.
Blan. You ſee he offers you your own Conditions,
For you, and yours.
Oro. I muſt Capitulate?
Precariouſly Compound, on ſtinted Terms,
To ſave my Life?
Blan. Sir, he Impoſes none.
You make 'em for your own Security.
If your great Heart cannot deſcend to treat,
In adverſe Fortune, with an Enemy:
Yet ſure, your Honour's ſafe, you may accept
Offers of Peace, and Safety from a Friend.
Gov. He will rely on what you ſay to him: [*To* Blanford.
Offer him what you can, I will confirm,
And make all good: Be you my Pledge of Truſt.
Blan. I'le anſwer with my Life for all he ſays.
Gov. Ay, do, and pay the Forfeit if you pleaſe. [*Aſide.*
Blan. Conſider, Sir, can you conſent to throw
That Bleſſing from you, you ſo hardly found, [*Of* Imoinda.
And ſo much valu'd once?
Oro. Imoinda! Oh!
'Tis She that holds me on this Argument

Of

Of tedious Life: I cou'd reſolve it ſoon,
Were this curſt Being only in Debate.
But my *Imoinda* ſtruggles in my Soul:
She makes a Coward of me: I Confeſs
I am afraid to part with Her in Death:
And more afraid of Life to loſe Her here.

Blan. This way you muſt loſe her, think upon
The weakneſs of her Sex, made yet more weak
With her Condition, requiring Reſt,
And ſoft Indulging Eaſe, to nurſe your Hopes,
And make you a glad Father.

Oro. There I feel a Father's Fondneſs, and a Husband's Love.
They ſeize upon my Hart, ſtrain all its ſtrings,
To pull me to 'em, from my ſtern reſolve.
Husband, and Father! All the melting Art
Of Eloquence lives in thoſe ſoftning Names.
Methinks I ſee the Babe, with Infant Hands,
Pleading for Life, and begging to be born:
Shall I forbid his Birth? Deny him Light?
The Heavenly Comforts of all-cheering Light?
And make the Womb the Dungeon of his Death?
His Bleeding Mother his ſad Monument?
Theſe are the Calls of Nature, that call loud,
They will be heard, and Conquer in their Cauſe:
He muſt not be a Man, who can reſiſt 'em.
No, my *Imoinda*! I will venture all
To ſave thee, and that little Innocent:
The World may be a better Friend to him,
Than I have found it. Now I yield my ſelf:

[*Gives up his Sword.*

The Conflict's paſt, and we are in your Hands.

[*Several Men get about* Oronooko, *and* Aboan, *and ſeize 'em.*

Gov. So you ſhall find you are; Diſpoſe of them,
As I commanded you.

Blan. Good Heaven forbid! You cannot mean——

Gov. This is not your Concern.

[*To* Blanford *who goes to* Oroonoko.

I muſt take care of you.

[*To* Imoinda.

Imo.

Imo. I'm at the end
Of all my Care: Here I will die with him. [*Holding* Oroonoko.
Oro. You ſhall not force her from me. [*he holds her.*
Gov. Then I muſt [*they force her from him.*
Try other means, and Conquer Force by Force:
Break, cut off his Hold, bring her away.
Imo. I do not ask to Live, kill me but here.
Oro. O Bloody Dogs! Inhumane Murderers.
[Imoinda *forc't out of one Door by the Governour, and others.*
Oroonoko *and* Aboan *hurried out of another.*
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Stanmore, Lucia, Charlott.

Stan. 'TIS ſtrange we cannot hear of him: Can no body give an account of him?
Luc. Nay, I begin to deſpair: I give him for gone.
Stan. Not ſo I hope.
Luc. There are ſo many diſturbances in this deviliſh Country! Would we had never ſeen it.
Stan. This is but a cold welcome for you, Madam, after ſo troubleſome a Voyage.
Char. A cold Welcome indeed, Sir, without my Couſin *Welldon*, He was the beſt Friend I had in the World.
Stan. He was a very good Friend of yours indeed, Madam.
Luc. They have made him away, Murder'd him for his Mony, I believe, he took a conſiderable Sum out with him, I know, that has been his Ruin.
Stan. That has done him no Injury, to my knowledge: For this Morning he put into my Cuſtody what you ſpeak of, I ſuppoſe a Thouſand Pounds, for the uſe of this Lady.

Char.

Char. I was always oblig'd to him: and he has ſhown his Care of me, in placing my little Affairs in ſuch Honourable Hands.

Stan. He gave me a particular charge of you, Madam, very particular, ſo particular, that you will be ſurpriz'd when I tell you.

Char. What, pray Sir.

Stan. I am engag'd to get you a Husband, I promis'd that before I ſaw you; and now I have ſeen you, you muſt give me leave to offer you my ſelf.

Luc. Nay, Cozen, never be coy upon the matter, to my Knowledge my Brother always deſign'd you for this Gentleman.

Stan. You hear, Madam, he has given me his Intereſt, and 'tis the Favour I wou'd have begg'd of him. Lord! you are ſo like him———

Char. That you are oblig'd to ſay you like me for his Sake.

Stan. I ſhou'd be glad to love you for your own.

Char. If I ſhou'd conſent to the fine things you can ſay to me, how wou'd you look at laſt, to find 'em thrown away upon an old Acquaintance?

Stan. An old Acquaintance!

Char. Lord, how eaſily are you Men to be impos'd upon! I am no Cozen newly arriv'd from *England*, not I; but the very *Welldon* you wot of.

Stan. Welldon!

Char. Not murdered, nor made away, as my Siſter wou'd have you believe, but am in very good Health, your old friend in Breeches that was, and now your humble Servant in Petticoats.

Stan. I'm glad we have you agen.
But what ſervice can you do me in Petticoats, pray?

Char. Can't you tell what?

Stan. Not I, by my troth: I have found my Friend, and loſt my Miſtreſs, it ſeems, which I did not expect from your Petticoats.

Char. Come, come, you have had a Friend of your Miſtreſs long enough, 'tis high time now to have a Miſtreſs of your Friend.

Stan. What do you ſay?

Char, I am a Woman, Sir.

Stan.

Stan. A Woman!

Char. As arrant a Woman as you wou'd have had me. But now, I aſſure you.

Stan. And at my Service?

Char. If you have any for me in Petticoats.

Stan. Yes, yes, I ſhall find you employment.

Char. You wonder at my proceeding, I believe.

Stan. 'Tis a little extraordinary, indeed.

Char. I have taken ſome pains to come into your Favour.

Stan. You might have had it cheaper a great deal.

Char. I might have marry'd you in the Perſon of my Engliſh Cozen, but cou'd not conſent to cheat you, ev'n in the thing I had a mind to.

Stan. 'Twas done as you do every thing.

Char. I need not tell you, I made that little Plot, and carry'd it on only for this Opportunity. I was reſolv'd to ſee whether you lik't me as a Woman, or not: if I had found you indifferent, I wou'd have indeavour'd to have been ſo too: but you ſay you like me, and therefore I have ventur'd to diſcover the truth.

Stan. Like you! I like you ſo well, that I'm afraid you won't think Marriage a proof on't: ſhall I give you any other?

Char. No, no, I'm inclin'd to believe you, and that ſhall convince me. At more leiſure I'le ſatisfie you how I came to be in Mans Cloaths, for no ill I aſſure you, tho' I have happen'd to play the Rogue in 'em: They have aſſiſted me in marrying my Siſter, and have gone a great way in befriending your Cozen *Jack* with the Widow. Can you forgive me for pimping for your Family?

Enter Jack Stanmore.

Stan. So, *Jack*, what News with you?

J. Stan. I am the forepart of the Widow, you know, She's coming after with the body of the Family, the young Squire in her hand, my Son-in-Law that is to be, with the Help of Mr. *Weldon*.

Char. Say you ſo, Sir? [*Clapping* Jack *upon the back.*

Enter Widow Lackitt *with her Son* Daniel.

Wid. So, Mrs. *Lucy*, I have brought him about agen, I have Chaſtis'd him, I have made him as ſupple as a Glove for your wearing, to pull on, or throw off, at your pleaſure. Will you ever Rebell again? Will you, Sirrah? But come, come, down on your Marrow Bones, and ask her forgiveneſs. [Daniel *Kneels.* Say after me, pray forſooth Wife.

Dan. Pray forſooth Wife.

Luc. Well, well, this is a Day of good Nature, and ſo I take you into Favour: But firſt take the Oath of Allegiance.

[*He kiſſes her Hand, and riſes.*

If ever you do ſo agen——

Dan. Nay Marry if I do, I ſhall have the worſt on't.

Luc. Here's a Stranger, forſooth, wou'd be glad to be known to you, a Siſter of mine, pray ſalute her. [*ſtarts at* Charlott.

Wid. Your Siſter! Mrs. *Lucy*! what do you mean? This is your Brother, Mr. *Weldon*; do you think I do not know Mr. *Weldon*?

Luc. Have a care what you ſay: This Gentleman's about Marrying her: You may ſpoil all.

VVid. Fiddle faddle, what! You wou'd put a trick upon me.

Char. No faith, Widow, the Trick is over, it has taken ſufficiently, and now I will teach you the Trick,
To prevent your being Cheated another time.

VVid. How! Cheated, Mr. *VVeldon*!

Char. Why, ay, you will always take things by the wrong Handle, I ſee you will have me Mr. *VVeldon*: I grant you, I was Mr. *VVeldon* a little while to pleaſe you, or ſo: But Mr. *Stanmore* here has perſwaded me into a Woman agen.

VVid. A Woman! Pray let me ſpeak with you.

[*drawing her aſide.*

You are not in earneſt, I hope? A Woman!

Char. Really a Woman.

VVid. Gads my Life! I could not be cheated in every thing: I know a Man from a Woman at theſe Years, or the Devil's in't.
Pray, did not you marry me?

Char.

Char. You wou'd have it ſo.

Wid. And did not I give you a Thouſand Pounds this Morning?

Char. Yes indeed, 'twas more than I deſerv'd: But you had your Penniworth for your Penny, I ſuppoſe:
You ſeem'd to be pleas'd with your Bargain.

Wid. A rare Bargain I have made on't, truly. I have laid out my Money to fine purpoſe upon a Woman.

Char. You wou'd have a Husband, and I provided for you as well as I cou'd.

Wid. Yes, yes, you have provided for me.

Char. And you have paid me very well for't, I thank you.

Wid. 'Tis very well; I may be with Child too, for ought I know, and may go look for the Father.

Char. Nay, if you think ſo, 'tis time to look about you indeed. Ev'n make up the matter as well as you can, I adviſe you as a Friend, and let us live Neighbourly and Lovingly together.

Wid. I have nothing elſe for it, that I know now.

Char. For my part, Mrs. *Lackit*, your Thouſand Pounds will Engage me not to laugh at you. Then my Siſter is Married to your Son, he is to have half your Eſtate, I know; and indeed they may live upon it, very comfortably to themſelves, and very creditably to you.

Wid. Nay, I can blame no body but my ſelf.

Char. You have enough for a Husband ſtill,
And that you may beſtow upon honeſt *Jack Stanmore.*

Wid. Is he the Man then?

Char. He is the Man you are oblig'd to.

J. Stan. Yes, Faith, Widow, I am the Man: I have done fairly by you, you find, you know what you have to truſt to before hand.

Wid. Well, well, I ſee you will have me, ev'n Marry me, and make an end of the buſineſs.

Stan. Why, that's well ſaid, now we are all agreed, and all provided for. [*A Servant Enters to* Stanmore.

Serv. Sir, Mr. *Blandford* deſires you to come to him, and bring as many of your Friends as you can with you.

Stan. I come to him. You'l all go along with me.
Come, young Gentleman, Marriage is the faſhion, you ſee,
you muſt like it now.

Dan. If I don't, how ſhall I help my ſelf?

Luc. Nay, you may hang your ſelf in the Nooſe, if you pleaſe,
But you'll never get out on't with ſtrugling.

Dan. Come then, let's ev'n jogg on in the old Road.
Cuckold, or worſe, I muſt be now contented:
I'm not the firſt has marry'd, and repented. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Governour *with* Blanford, *and Planters.*

Blan. Have you no Reverence of future Fame?
No awe upon your actions, from the Tongues,
The cenſuring Tongues of Men, that will be free?
If you confeſs Humanity, believe
There is a God, or Devil, to reward
Our doings here, do not provoke your Fate.
The Hand of Heaven is arm'd againſt theſe Crimes,
With hotter Thunder-Bolts, prepar'd to ſhoot,
And Nail you to the Earth, a ſad Example;
A Monument of Faithleſs Infamy.

Enter Stanmore, J. Stanmore, *Charlott*, *Lucy*, *Widow*, *and* Daniel.

So, *Stanmore*, you I know, the Women too
Will join with me: 'Tis *Oroonoko*'s Cauſe,
A Lover's Cauſe, a wretched Woman's Cauſe,
That will become your Interceſſion.
[*To the Women.*

1. *Plan.* Never mind 'em, Governour; he ought to be made an Example for the good of the Plantation.

2. *Plan.* Ay, ay, 'twill frighten the Negroes from Attempting the like agen.

1. *Plan.*

1. *Plan.* What riſe againſt their Lords and Maſters!
At this rate no Man is ſafe from his own Slaves.

2. *Plan.* No, no more he is. Therefore, one and all, Governour, we declare for Hanging.

Om. Plan. Ay, ay, hang him, hang him.

Wid. What! Hang him! O! forbid it, Governour.

Char. } We all Petition for him.
Lucy. }

J. Stan They are for a Holy-Day; Guilty or not,
Is not the Buſineſs, hanging is their Sport.

Blan. We are not ſure ſo wretched, to have theſe,
The Rabble, judge for us; the changing Croud;
The Arbitrary Guard of Fortune's Power,
Who wait to catch the Sentence of her Frowns,
And hurry all to ruine ſhe Condemns.

Stan. So far from farther Wrong, that 'tis a ſhame
He ſhou'd be where he is: Good Governour
Order his Liberty: He yielded up
Himſelf, his all, at your diſcretion.

Blan. Diſcretion! no, he yielded on your word;
And I am made the cautionary Pledge,
The Gage, and Hoſtage of your keeping it.
Remember, Sir, he yielded on your word;
Your Word! which honeſt Men will think ſhould be
The laſt reſort of Truth, and truſt on Earth:
There's no Appeal beyond it, but to Heaven:
An Oath is a recogniſance to Heaven,
Binding us over, in the Courts above,
To plead to the Indictment of our Crimes.
That thoſe who 'ſcape this World ſhould ſuffer there,
But in the common Intercourſe of Men,
(Where the dread Majeſty is not Invoak'd,
His Honour not immediately concern'd,
Not made a Party in our Intereſts,)
Our Word is all to be rely'd upon.

Wid. Come, come, You'l be as good as your Word, we know.

Stan. He's out of all power of doing any harm now,
If he were diſpos'd to it.

Char.

Char. But he is not disposd to it.
Blan. To keep him, where he is, will make him soon
Find out some desperate way to Liberty:
He'll hang himself, or dash out his mad Brains.
Char. Pray try him by gentle Means:
We'll all be Sureties for him.
Om. All, all.
Luc. We will all answer for him now.
Gov. Well, you will have it so, do what you please,
Just what you will with him, I give you leave. [*Exit.*
Blan. We thank you, Sir; this way, pray come with me.
[*Exeunt.*

The Scene drawn shews Oroonoko *upon his Back, his Legs and Arms stretcht out, and chain'd to the Ground.*

Enter Blanford, Stanmore. *&c.*

Blan. O miserable Sight! help every one,
Assist me all to free him from his Chains.
[*They help him up, and bring him forward, looking down.*
Most injur'd Prince! how shall we clear our selves?
We cannot hope you will vouchsafe to hear,
Or credit what we say in the Defence,
And Cause of our suspected Innocence.
Stan. We are not guilty of your Injuries,
No way consenting to 'em; but abhor,
Abominate, and loath this Cruelty.
Blan. It is our Curse, but make it not our Crime.
A heavy curse upon us, that we must
Share any thing in common, ev'n the Light,
The Elements, and Seasons, with such Men,
Whose Principles, like the fam'd Dragons Teeth,
Scatter'd, and sown, wou'd shoot a Harvest up
Of fighting Mischiefs, to confound themselves,
And ruin all about 'em.
Stan. Profligates!
Whose bold *Titanian* Impiety

Wou'd

Wou'd once agen pollute their Mother Earth,
Force her to teem with her old monſtrous Brood
Of Gyants, and forget the Race of Men.
Blan. We are not ſo: believe us innocent.
We come prepar'd with all our Services,
To offer a Redreſs of your baſe Wrongs.
Which way ſhall we employ 'em?
Stan. Tell us, Sir, if there is any thing that can attone;
But nothing can; that may be ſome amends——
Oro. If you wou'd have me think you are not all
Confederates, all acceſſory to
The baſe Injuſtice of your Governour:
If you wou'd have me live, as you appear
Concern'd for me, if you wou'd have me live
To thank, and bleſs you, there is yet a Way
To tye me ever to your honeſt Love:
Bring my *Imoinda* to me; give me her,
To charm my Sorrows, and, if poſſible,
I'le ſit down with my Wrongs; never to riſe
Againſt my Fate, or think of Vengeance more.
Blan. Be ſatisfi'd, you may depend upon us,
We'll bring her ſafe to you, and ſuddenly.
Char. We wonnot leave you in ſo good a work.
Wid. No, no, we'll go with you.
Blan. In the mean time
Endeavour to forget, Sir, and forgive:
And hope a better Fortune. [*Exeunt.*

Oroonoko *alone.*

Oro. Forget! forgive! I muſt indeed forget,
When I forgive: but while I am a Man,
In Fleſh, that bears the living mark of Shame,
The print of his diſhonourable Chains,
My Memory ſtill rouſing up my Wrongs,
I never can forgive this Governour;
This Villain; the diſgrace of Truſt, and Place,
And juſt Contempt of delegated Power.
What ſhall I do? If I declare my ſelf,
I know him, he will ſneak behind his Guard

Of

Of Followers, and brave me in his Fears.
Elſe, Lyon like, with my devouring Rage,
I wou'd ruſh on him, faſten on his Throat,
Tear wide a Paſſage to his treacherous Heart,
And that way lay him open to the World. [*Pauſing.*
If I ſhou'd turn his Chriſtian Arts on him,
Promiſe him, ſpeek him fair, flatter, and creep,
With fawning Steps, to get within his Faith,
I cou'd betray him then, as he has me.
But am I ſure by that to right my ſelf?
Lying's a certain Mark of Cowardiſe:
And when the Tongue forgets its Honeſty,
The Heart and Hand may drop their functions too,
And nothing worthy be reſolv'd, or done.
The Man muſt go together, bad, or good:
In one part frail, he ſoon grows weak in all.
Honour ſhou'd be concern'd in Honour's Cauſe,
That is not to be cur'd by Contraries,
As Bodies are, whoſe Health is often drawn
From rankeſt Poyſons. Let me but find out
An honeſt Remedy, I have the Hand,
A miniſtring Hand, that will apply it Home. [*Exit.*

SCENE *the Governour's Houſe.*

Enter Governour.

Gov. I wou'd not have her tell me, ſhe conſents:
In Favour of the Sexes Modeſty,
That ſtill ſhou'd be preſum'd, becauſe there is
A greater Impudence in owning it,
Than in allowing all that we can do.
This Truth I know, and yet againſt my ſelf,
(So unaccountable are Lovers ways)
I talk, and loſe the Opportunities,
Which Love, and ſhe expects I ſhou'd employ:
Ev'n ſhe expects: for when a Man has ſaid
All that is fit, to ſave the Decency,

The

The Women know the reſt is to be done.
I wonnot diſappoint her. [*Going.*

Enter to him Blanford, *the Stanmores*, Daniel, *Mrs.* Lackit, Charlot, *and* Lucy.

Wid. O Governour! I'm glad we have lit upon you.

Gov. Why! what's the Matter?

Char. Nay, nothing extraordinary. But one good Action Draws on another. You have given the Prince his Fredom: Now we come a begging for his Wife: You won't refuſe us.

Gov. Refuſe you. No, no, what have I to do to refuſe you?

Wid. You won't refuſe to ſend her to him, ſhe means.

Gov. I ſend her to him!

Wid. We have promis'd him to bring her.

Gov. You do very well; 'tis Kindly done of you: Ev'n carry her to him, with all my Heart.

Luc. You muſt tell us where ſhe is.

Gov. I tell you! why, don't you know?

Blan. Your Servants ſay ſhe's in the Houſe.

Gov. No, no, I brought her home at firſt indeed; but I thought it wou'd not look well to keep her here: I remov'd her in the Hurry, only to take care of her. What! ſhe belongs to you: I have nothing to do with her.

Char. But where is ſhe now, Sir?

Gov. Why, Faith, I can't ſay certainly: you'll hear of her at *Parham* Houſe, I ſuppoſe: there, or thereabouts: I think I ſent her there.

Blan. I'le have an Eye on him. [*Aſide.*

[*Exeunt all but the Governour.*

Gov. I have ly'd my ſelf into a little Time;
And muſt employ it: they'll be here agen;
But I muſt be before 'em.

[*Going out, he meets* Imoinda, *and ſeiſes her.*

Are you come!
I'le court no longer for a Happineſs
That is in mine own keeping: you may ſtill

Refuſe to grant, ſo I have Power to take.
The Man that asks deſerves to be deny'd.

[*She diſengages one hand, and draws his Sword from his ſide upon him, Governour ſtarts and retires,* Blanford *enters behind him.*

Imo. He does indeed, that asks unworthily.

Blan. You hear her, Sir, that asks unworthily.

Gov. You are no Judge.

Blan. I am of my own Slave.

Gov. Begone, and leave us.

Blan. When you let her go.

Gov. To faſten upon you.

Blan. I muſt defend my ſelf.

Imo. Help, Murder, help.

[Imoinda *retreats towards the door, favour'd by* Blanford, *when they are clos'd, ſhe throws down the Sword, and runs out. Governour takes up the Sword, they fight, cloſe, and fall,* Blanford *upon him. Servants enter, and part 'em.*

Gov. She ſhannot ſcape me ſo. I've gone too far,
Not to go farther. Curſe on my delay:
But yet ſhe is, and ſhall be in my Power.

Blan. Nay then it is the War of Honeſty:
I know you, and will ſave you from your ſelf.

Gov. All come along with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *the laſt.*

Oroonoko *Enters.*

Oro. To Honour bound! and yet a Slave to Love!
I am diſtracted by their rival Powers,
And both will be obey'd. O great Revenge!
Thou Raiſer, and Reſtorer of faln Fame!
Let me not be unworthy of thy Aid,
For ſtopping in thy courſe: I ſtill am thine:
But can't forget I am *Imoinda's* too.
She calls me from my Wrongs to reſcue her.
No man condemn me, who has never felt

A womans Power, or try'd the Force of Love:
All tempers yield, and ſoften in thoſe fires:
Our Honours, Intereſts reſolving down,
Run in the gentle Current of our Joys:
But not to ſink, and drown our Memory:
We mount agen to Action, like the Sun,
That riſes from the Boſom of the Sea,
To run his glorious Race of Light anew,
And carry on the World. Love, Love will be
My firſt Ambition, and my Fame the next.

Aboan *enters bloody.*

My Eyes are turn'd againſt me, and combine
With my ſworn Enemies, to repreſent
This ſpectacle of Honour. *Aboan!*
My ever faithful Friend!
Abo. I have no Name,
That can diſtinguiſh me from the vile Earth,
To which I'm going: a poor, abject worm,
That crawl'd awhile upon a buſtling World,
And now am trampled to my Duſt agen.
Oro. I ſee thee gaſht, and mangled.
Abo. Spare my ſhame
To tell how they have us'd me: but believe
The Hangman's Hand wou'd have been merciful.
Do not you ſcorn me, Sir, to think I can
Intend to live under this Infamy.
I do not come for pity, to complain.
I've ſpent an honourable Life with you;
The earlieſt Servant of your riſing Fame,
And wou'd attend it with my lateſt care:
My life was yours, and ſo ſhall be my death.
You muſt not live.
Bending and ſinking, I have dragg'd my Steps
Thus far, to tell you that you cannot live:
To warn you of thoſe Ignominious wrongs,
Whips, Rods, and all the Inſtruments of death,

Which I have felt, and are prepar'd for you.
This was the Duty that I had to pay.
'Tis done, and now I beg to be diſcharg'd.
Oro. What ſhall I do for thee?
Abo. My Body tires,
And wonnot bear me off to Liberty:
I ſhall agen be taken, made a Slave.
A Sword, a Dagger yet wou'd reſcue me.
I have not Strength to go to find out Death:
You muſt direct him to me.
Oro. Here he is, [*Gives him a Dagger.*
The only preſent I can make thee now:
And next the honourable means of Life,
I wou'd beſtow the honeſt means of Death.
Abo. I cannot ſtay to thank you. If there is
A Being after this, I ſhall be yours
In the next World, your faithful Slave agen.
This is to try [*Stabs himſelf.*] I had a living Senſe
Of all your royal Favours, but this laſt
Strikes through my Heart. I wonnot ſay farewell,
For you muſt follow me. [*dyes.*
Oro. In Life, and death,
The Guardian of my Honour! follow thee!
I ſhou'd have gone before thee: then perhaps
Thy Fate had been prevented. All his Care
Was to preſerve me from the barbarous Rage
That wrong'd him, only for being mine.
Why, why, you Gods! Why am I ſo accurſt,
That it muſt be a Reaſon of your Wrath,
A Guilt, a Crime ſufficient to the Fate
Of any one, but to belong to me?
My Friend has found it, and my Wife will ſoon:
My Wife! the very Fear's too much for Life:
I can't ſupport it. Where? *Imoinda!* Oh!
[*Going out, ſhe meets him, running into his Arms.*
Thou boſom Softneſs! Down of all my Cares!
I cou'd recline my thoughts upon this Breaſt
To a forgetfulneſs of all my Griefs,

And

And yet be happy: but it wonnot be.
Thou art diſorder'd, pale, and out of Breath!
If Fate purſues thee, find a ſhelter here.
What is it thou woud'ſt tell me?
Imo. 'Tis in vain to call him Villain.
Oro. Call him Governour: is it not ſo?
Imo. There's not another ſure.
Oro. Villain's the common name of Mankind here:
But his moſt properly. What! what of him?
I fear to be reſolv'd, and muſt enquire.
He had thee in his Power.
Imo. I bluſh to think it.
Oro. Bluſh! to think what?
Imo. That I was in his Power.
Oro. He cou'd not uſe it?
Imo. What can't ſuch men do?
Oro. But did he? durſt he?
Imo. What he cou'd, he dar'd.
Oro. His own Gods damn him then: for ours have none,
No Puniſhment for ſuch unheard-of Crimes.
Imo. This Monſter, cunning in his Flatteries,
When he had weary'd all his uſeleſs Arts,
Leapt out, fierce as a beaſt of prey, to ſeize me.
I trembled, fear'd.
Oro. I fear, and tremble now.
What cou'd preſerve thee? what deliver thee?
Imo. That worthy Man, you us'd to call your Friend——
Oro. Blanford.
Imo. Came in, and ſav'd me from his Rage.
Oro. He was a Friend indeed to reſcue thee!
And for his ſake, I'le think it poſſible
A Chriſtian may be yet an honeſt man.
Imo. O! did you know what I have ſtrugl'd through,
To ſave me yours, ſure you wou'd promiſe me
Never to ſee me forc't from you agen.
Oro. To promiſe thee! O! do I need to promiſe?
But there is now no farther uſe of Words.
Death is ſecurity for all our fears. [*Shews* Aboan's *body on the floor.*

And

And yet I cannot truſt him.

Imo. *Aboan* !

Oro. Mangled, and torn, reſolv'd to give me time
To fit my ſelf for what I muſt expect,
Groan'd out a warning to me, and expir'd.

Imo. For what you muſt expect?

Oro. Wou'd that were all.

Imo. What! to be butcher'd thus———

Oro. Juſt as thou ſee'ſt.

Imo. By barbarous Hands, to fall at laſt their Prey!

Oro. I have run the Race with Honour, ſhall I now
Lag, and be overtaken at the Goal?

Imo. No.

Oro. I muſt look back to thee. [*Tenderly.*

Imo. You ſhannot need.
I'm always preſent to your purpoſe, ſay,
Which way wou'd you diſpoſe me?

Oro. Have a care,
Thou'rt on a Precipice, and doſt not ſee
Whither that queſtion leads thee. O! too ſoon
Thou doſt enquire what the aſſembled Gods
Have not determin'd, and will lateſt doom.
Yet this I know of Fate, this is moſt certain,
I cannot, as I wou'd, diſpoſe of thee:
And, as I ought, I dare not. Oh *Imoinda*!

Imo. Alas! that ſigh! why do you tremble ſo?
Nay then 'tis bad indeed, if you can weep.

Oro. My Heart runs over, if my guſhing Eyes
Betray a weakneſs which they never knew,
Believe, thou, only thou cou'dſt cauſe theſe tears.
The Gods themſelves conſpire with faithleſs Men
To our deſtruction.

Imo. Heaven and Earth our Foes!

Oro. It is not always granted to the great,
To be moſt happy: If the angry Pow'rs
Repent their Favours, let 'em take 'em back:
The hopes of Empire, which they gave my youth,
By making me a Prince, I here reſign.

Let

Let 'em quench in me all thoſe glorious Fires,
Which kindled at their beams: that luſt of Fame,
That Fevor of Ambition, reſtleſs ſtill,
And burning with the ſacred Thirſt of Sway,
Which they inſpir'd, to qualifie my Fate,
And make me fit to govern under them,
Let 'em extinguiſh. I ſubmit my ſelf
To their high pleaſure, and devoted Bow
Yet lower, to continue ſtill a Slave;
Hopeleſs of liberty: and if I cou'd
Live after it, wou'd give up Honour too,
To ſatisfie their Vengeance, to avert
This only Curſe, the curſe of loſing thee.
Imo. If Heav'n cou'd be appeas'd, theſe cruel Men
Are not to be entreated, or believ'd:
O! think on that, and be no more deceiv'd.
Oro. What can we do?
Imo. Can I do any thing?
Oro. But we were born to ſuffer.
Imo. Suffer both,
Both die, and ſo prevent 'em.
Oro. By thy Death!
O! let me hunt my travel'd Thoughts again;
Range the wide waſte of deſolate deſpair;
Start any hope. Alas! I loſe my ſelf,
'Tis Pathleſs, Dark, and Barren all to me.
Thou art my only guide, my light of Life,
And thou art leaving me: Send out thy Beams
Upon the Wing; let 'em fly all around,
Diſcover every way: Is there a dawn,
A glimmering of comfort? the great God,
That riſes on the World, muſt ſhine on us.
Imo. And ſee us ſet before him.
Oro. Thou beſpeak'ſt, and goes before me.
Imo. So I wou'd, in Love:
In the dear unſuſpected part of Life,
In Death for Love. Alas! what hopes for me?
I was preſerv'd but to acquit my ſelf,

To beg to die with you.
Oro. And can'ſt thou ask it?
I never durſt enquire into my ſelf
About thy fate, and thou reſolv'ſt it all.
Imo. Alas! my Lord! my Fate's reſolv'd in yours.
Oro. O! keep thee there: Let not thy Virtue ſhrink
From my ſupport, and I will gather ſtrength,
Faſt as I can to tell thee——
Imo. I muſt die.
I know 'tis fit, and I can die with you.
Oro. O! thou haſt baniſht hence a thouſand fears,
Which ſickned at my Heart, and quite unman'd me.
Imo. Your fear's for me, I know you fear'd my ſtrength,
And cou'd not overcome your tenderneſs,
To paſs this Sentence on me: and indeed
There you were kind, as I have always found you,
As you have ever been: for tho' I am
Reſign'd, and ready to obey my doom,
Methinks it ſhou'd not be pronounc'd by you.
Oro. O! that was all the labour of my grief.
My heart, and tongue forſook me in the ſtrife:
I never cou'd pronounce it.
Imo. I have for you, for both of us.
Oro. Alas! for me! my death
I cou'd regard as the laſt Scene of life,
And act it thro' with joy, to have it done.
But then to part with thee——
Imo. 'Tis hard to part.
But parting thus, as the moſt happy muſt,
Parting in death, makes it the eaſier.
You might have thrown me off, forſaken me,
And my misfortunes: that had been a death
Indeed of terror, to have trembled at.
Oro. Forſaken! thrown thee off!
Imo. But 'tis a pleaſure more than life can give,
That with unconquer'd Paſſion to the laſt,
You ſtruggle ſtill, and fain wou'd hold me to you.
Oro. Ever, ever, and let thoſe ſtars, which are my Enemies,

Witneſs

Witneſs againſt me in the other World,
If I wou'd leave this Manſion of my Bliſs,
To be the brighteſt Ruler of their Skies.
O! that we cou'd incorporate, be one, [*Embracing her.*
One Body, as we have been long one Mind:
That blended ſo, we might together mix,
And loſing thus our Beings to the World,
Be only found to one anothers Joys.
Imo. Is this the way to part?
Oro. Which is the way?
Imo. The God of Love is blind, and cannot find it.
But quick, make haſte, our Enemies have Eyes
To find us out, and ſhew us the worſt way
Of parting; think on them.
Oro. Why doſt thou wake me?
Imo. O! no more of Love.
For if I liſten to you, I ſhall quite
Forget my Dangers, and deſire to live.
I can't live yours. [*Takes up the Dagger.*
Oro. There all the Stings of Death
Are ſhot into my Heart—what ſhall I do?
Imo. This Dagger will inſtruct you. [*Gives it him.*
Oro. Ha! this Dagger!
Like Fate, it points me to the horrid Deed.
Imo. Strike, ſtrike it home, and bravely ſave us both.
There is no other Safety,
Oro. It muſt be——
But firſt a dying Kiſs—— [*Kiſſes her.*
This laſt Embrace—— [*Embracing her.*
And now——
Imo. I'm ready.
Oro. O! where ſhall I ſtrike?
Is there a ſmalleſt grain of that lov'd Body
That is not dearer to me than my Eyes,
My boſom'd Heart, and all the live Blood there?
Bid me cut off theſe Limbs, hew off theſe Hands,
Dig out theſe Eyes, tho' I wou'd keep them laſt
To gaze upon thee: but to murder thee!

The Joy, and Charm of every raviſht Senſe,
My Wife! forbid it Nature.
Imo. Tis your Wife,
Who on her knees conjures you. O! in time
Prevent thoſe Miſcheifs that are falling on us.
You may be hurry'd to a ſhameful Death,
And I too drag'd to the vile Governour:
Then I may cry aloud: when you are gone,
Where ſhall I find a Friend agen to ſave me?
Oro. It will be ſo. Thou unexampled Virtue!
Thy Reſolution has recover'd mine:
And now prepare thee.
Imo. Thus with open Arms,
I welcome you, and Death.
[*He drops his Dagger as he looks on her, and throws himſelf on the Ground.*
Oro. I cannot bear it.
O let me daſh againſt this Rock of Fate.
Dig up this Earth, tear, tear her Bowels out,
To make a Grave, deep as the Center down,
To ſwallow wide, and bury us together.
It wonnot be. O! then ſome pitying God
(If there be one a Friend to Innocence)
Find yet a way to lay her Beauties down
Gently in Death, and ſave me from her Blood.
Imo. O riſe, 'tis more than Death to ſee you thus.
I'le eaſe your Love, and do the Deed my ſelf——
[*She takes up the Dagger, he riſes in haſte to take it from her.*
Oro. O! hold, I charge thee, hold.
Imo. Tho' I muſt own
It wou'd be nobler for us both from you.
Oro. O! for a Whirlwind's Wing to hurry us
To yonder Clif, which frowns upon the Flood:
That in Embraces lockt we might plunge in,
And periſh thus in one anothers Arms.
Imo. Alas! what ſhout is that?
Oro. I ſee 'em coming,
They ſhannot overtake us. This laſt Kiſs.

And

And now farewell.

Imo. Farewel, farewel for ever.

Oro. I'le turn my Face away, and do it ſo.
Now, are you ready?

Imo. Now. But do not grudge me
The Pleaſure in my Death of a laſt look,
Pray look upon me——Now I'm ſatisfied.

Oro. So Fate muſt be by this
[*Going to ſtab her, he ſtops ſhort, ſhe lays her hands on his, in order to give the blow.*

Imo. Nay then I muſt aſſiſt you.
And ſince it is the common Cauſe of both,
'Tis juſt that both ſhou'd be employ'd in it.
Thus, thus 'tis finiſht, and I bleſs my Fate, [*Stabs her ſelf.*
That where I liv'd, I die, in theſe lov'd Arms. [*Dyes.*

Oro. She's gone. And now all's at an End with me.
Soft, lay her down. O we will part no more.
[*Throws himſelf by her.*
But let me pay the tribute of my Grief,
A few ſad Tears to thy lov'd Memory,
And then I follow—— [*Weeps over her.*
But I ſtay too long. [*A noiſe agen.*
The Noiſe comes nearer. Hold, before I go,
There's ſomething wou'd be done. It ſhall be ſo.
And then, *Imoinda*, I'le come all to thee. [*Riſes.*

[Blanford, *and his party, enters before the Governour and his party, Swords drawn on both ſides.*

Gov. You ſtrive in vain to ſave him, he ſhall die.

Blan. Not while we can defend him with our lives.

Gov. Where is he?

Oro. Here's the Wretch whom you wou'd have.
Put up your Swords, and let civil broils
Engage you in the curſed cauſe of one,
Who cannot live, and now entreats to die.
This object will convince you.

Blan. 'Tis his Wife! [*They gather about the Body.*

Alas! there was no other Remedy.

Gov. Who did the bloody Deed?

Oro. The Deed was mine:
Bloody I know it is, and I expect
Your Laws shou'd tell me so. Thus self-condemn'd,
I do resign my self into your Hands,
The Hands of Justice——But I hold the Sword
For you—and for my self.

[*Stabs the Governour, and himself, then throws himself by* Imoinda's *Body.*

Stan. He has kill'd the Governour, and stab'd himself.

Oro. 'Tis as it shou'd be now. I have sent his Ghost
To be a Witness of that Happiness
In the next World, which he deny'd us here. [*Dyes.*

Blan. I hope there is a place of Happiness
In the next World for such exalted Virtue.
Pagan, or Unbeliever, yet he liv'd
To all he knew: And if he went astray,
There's Mercy still above to set him right.
But Christians guided by the Heavenly Ray,
Have no excuse if we mistake our Way.

FINIS.

EPILOGE,

Written by Mr. *Congreve*, and Spoken by Mrs. *Verbruggen*.

YOU ſee, we try all Shapes, and Shifts, and Arts,
To tempt your Favours, and regain your Hearts.
We weep, and laugh, joyn mirth and grief together,
Like Rain and Sunſhine mixt, in April *weather.*
Your different taſts divide our Poet's Cares:
One foot the Sock, t'other the Buskins wears:
Thus, while he ſtrives to pleaſe, he's forc'd to do't,
Like Volſcius, *hip-hop, in a ſingle Boot.*
Criticks, he knows, for this may damn his Books:
But he makes Feaſts for Friends, and not for Cooks.
Tho' Errant-Knights of late no favour find,
Sure you will be to Ladies-Errant kind.
To follow Fame, Knights-Errant make profeſſion:
We Damſels ſlye, to ſave our Reputation:
So they, their Valour ſhow, we, our Diſcretion.
To Lands of Monſters, and fierce Beaſts they go:
Wee, to thoſe Iſlands, where Rich Husbands grow:
Tho' they're no Monſters, we may make 'em ſo.
If they're of Engliſh growth, they'll bear't with patience
But ſave us from a Spouſe of Oroonoko's *Nations!*
Then bleſs your Stars, you happy London *Wives,*
Who love at large, each day, yet keep your lives:

EPILOGUE.

Nor envy poor Imoinda's *doating blindneſs,*
Who thought her Husband kill'd her out of kindneſs.
Death with a Husband ne'er had ſhewn ſuch Charms,
Had ſhe once dy'd within a Lover's Arms.
Her error was from ignorance proceeding:
Poor Soul! ſhe wanted ſome of our Town Breeding.
Forgive this Indians *fondneſs of her Spouſe;*
Their Law no Chriſtian Liberty allows:
Alas! they make a Conſcience of their Vows!
If Virtue in a Heathen be a fault;
Then Damn the Heathen School, where ſhe was taught.
She might have learn'd to Cuckold, Jilt, and Sham,
Had Covent-Garden *been in* Surinam.

FINIS.